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MUSICKER'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. X.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 2.

Metrical Translations by the Editor,

See Article on Page 73.

LOVE'S MORNING MESSAGE.

(From the German.)

Morning Zephyr, sprite or fairy,
Flying by on viewless wing,
To my love, my greeting carry
And the song I fondly sing.
She is sleeping yet, my treasure;
Let my image haunt her dreams—
Dreams of sadness, dreams of pleasure,
Love and I be still your themes!

May it tell thee how I love thee,
How my heart and life are thine,
Whisp'ring, as it floats above thee:
"Darling, be forever mine."
Morning Zephyr, sprite or fairy,
Haste, Oh haste, on viewless wing;
Love and kisses swiftly carry
To the maid of whom I sing!

EMBARRASSMENT.

(From the German.)

There's something I would say to thee,
But I'm not sure I know just what;
And wouldst the reason ask of me,
My only answer must be that—
I love thee, love,
All else above;
Aye, none but thee,
But thee!

I fain would sing to thee a strain
That to thy heart should find its way,
But there is only one refrain
Rings in my soul, both night and day:
I love thee, love,
All else above,
Aye, none but thee,
But thee!

To thee a letter I'd indite
That should my inmost thoughts disclose.
'Tis all in vain, for, as I write,
The ink but traces, as it flows:
I love thee, love,
All else above,
Aye, none but thee,
But thee!

HE WILL RETURN.

(From the Italian.)

How peaceful sleeps yon smiling sea!
Its waves you'd scarce discern.
At last, my soul, thou breathest free,
Thou say'st: "He will return!"

See'st in the heav'ns yon golden star
With brighter splendor burn?
It seems to whisper from afar:
"He lives and will return!"

I feel the zephyrs 'round me play
And, in my willing ear,
They seem to whisper: "Ah, the day
Thou'l see him now is near."

Happier days will shine in splendor;
Its reward my heart shall see,
When, with loving kisses tender,
My true love returns to me.

All my sorrow, all my longing,
All the fears about me thronging,
In thy fond arms, O, my treasure,
Will be changed to endless pleasure.

BLONDINA, THE FLOWER-GIRL.

(From the Italian.)

There, by the Adriatic sea,
'Mid grass and flowers growing,
I, with the waves, so blue and free,
Toyed in the summer glowing.

Small, of my years, was yet the sum
When died, Alas! my mother,
Because, from heav'n, my father
Had beckoned her to come.

About the gallant youths so gay,
With flow'r's to sell, I hover,
Busy as bee on summer day
Amid the blooming clover.

The titled and the learned
For me with love have burn'd.
The men, they love me madly,
Although I treat them badly.
When I'm the hill-path threading,
Or on the seashore treading,
They all by me would like to stroll,
They all would get acquainted—
Oh joy, Oh rapture of my soul,
One, such as Fancy painted,
Said to me merrily:
"Blondina, I love thee,
So trust me; yes, trust me;
My heart is all thine own!"
But not so easily
Is gay Blondina won!

TICK-TACK, CUCKOO.

(From the German of E. A. Zuendt.)

A maiden, the pet of the brood,
A boy of most frolicsome mood,
They'd caught a young birdling together
And fain would have scanned ev'ry feather.
The birdling she held in her frock
When "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" called the clock.
A lucky call for birdling, indeed!
From the startled hands it flew,
And it fled afar, with lightning speed,
Singing: "Thanks, oh thanks, cuckoo!"
Unmoved, the clock then went along
Thus: tick-tack-tick-tack-tack,
And sang her one unchanging song
Thus: tick-tack-tack—
Cuckoo!

Young Love is as old as the world,
Its shafts e'en in Eden were hurled;
Since then turtle-doves have been cooing,
And now Bob and Mollie are wooing.
A kiss Bob would steal, but the clock
Cries "Cuckoo—cuckoo" at the gawk.
Moll starts and turns, discovers the thief,
Vexed, he knows not what to do,
For she's off and laughs to see his grief,
Singing: "Thanks, oh thanks, cuckoo!"
Unmoved, the clock, etc.

What clouds o'er the heavens now lower?
What makes Bob and Mollie so sour?
They're pouting, and yet they are thinking
Of the time when their lives they were linking;
Of memories fond comes a flock
And "Cuckoo, cuckoo" calls the clock.
Just so it called that summer day past,
When she swore to love him true,
In her arms again she folds him fast
Singing: "Thanks, oh thanks, cuckoo!"
Unmoved, the clock, etc.

See grandmother sit in her place!
How glad, yet how tearful, her face!
Ah, surely her eyes are beholding
The bright gates of heaven unfolding.
Her birthday this is. Hark, a knock,
And "Cuckoo, cuckoo" sings the clock.
They fill the room, the great and the small,
And 'tis "grandpa" leads the crew,
And the happy band sing, one and all,
"Many thanks, oh thanks, cuckoo!"
Unmoved, the clock, etc.

BELIEVE ME.

(From the Italian of A. Pinto.)

Believe me, when thy beauteous name
My willing lips are framing,
My very soul, up-flaming,
Feels love's ecstatic start;
And when thy lovely eyes proclaim,
By placid looks, thy pleasure,
I fain would read, sweet treasure,
The secret of thy heart.

Ah, when thy smile shines, bright and free,
Like sunlight on the waters—
Fairest of earth's fair daughters,
Heav'n opens wide above;
And when thy image dear I see,
At night, when of thee dreaming,
It has an angel's seeming—
Angel of light and love.

Believe me, then (within my soul,
Ecstatic joy awaking)
My lips, sweet music making,
Strike up love's deathless strain;
But if thy glances angry roll
Or seem displeased unduly,
Believe, I speak thee truly,
My heart is rent in twain.

Kunkel's Musical Review

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

612 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B., EDITOR.

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MEMORIAL HALL.

 T. LOUIS is fortunate in possessing a really excellent small hall for musical entertainments; a hall that affords room for an audience of about five hundred, so arranged that all can hear and see, fairly central in its location and not difficult of access, and which has the further advantage of not having been put up for speculative purposes, but for the benefit of art. St. Louis, however, does not reap from it a tithe of the benefit it should, or which we believe was intended by the founders of the Art Museum, of which Memorial Hall is a part. Why? Simply because the Board of Directors who manage it, try to make of it a money-making institution, and, even in that view, manage it with a short-sightedness one would hardly expect from men of business experience. The rent of the hall may be reasonable enough for traveling, money-making troupes, but it becomes burdensome and often prohibitory to local concerts. To our certain knowledge, scores of high-class concerts have been abandoned, after having been projected, because the rent of the only suitable hall was such as would demand of the projectors sacrifices of money which they could not afford to make.

The hall, as matters now stand, is occupied not over one evening in five. The rental could be diminished one-half, or even two-thirds, and still leave a handsome profit, and this would result in a much more frequent occupancy of the hall, and hence, probably, in an actual increase of the receipts from that source. So much from a business standpoint. But, granting that we are mistaken, and that the income would be reduced, it does not follow that such a step as we suggest ought not to be taken. The managers have wisely thrown open the doors of the art galleries to the public on certain days of the week, not as a business measure, but because they have understood that the Museum would fail to reach its greatest usefulness if it were kept closed to all but the paying public. Has it occurred to the gentlemen that for every person who is susceptible of culture through the pictorial and plastic arts, there are ten who can be reached by music? Why, then, is music, the latest, best and most universal of the arts, the most spiritual, the only one that by its very nature is necessarily elevating and ennobling—why is music, we say, treated like a stranger, or, at best, a step-child in this home of the arts?

If it should be objected that a large reduction in the rental of the hall would lead to its being sought for entertainments unworthy the name of art, we should answer that, in the first place, the hall, because it is admirably fitted for lecture and concert purposes, is entirely unfit for anything else, and, therefore, is unlikely to be sought for other entertainments; and, in the next place, that even at the present high rates the management neither should nor would rent its hall for the use of any debasing entertainment. The healthy censorship that really exists now could, therefore, easily be preserved, and the character of the entertainments could be kept up to any required standard of respectability, quite independently of any question of money.

We know that we are voicing the sentiments of the best musicians in St. Louis, in briefly calling the attention of the managers to what precedes, and we trust they will give the matter their careful consideration; for that, we feel sure, is all that is needed to convince them that the change we suggest would be an advisable and popular reform.

C. F. CHICKERING AND MISER PAINE.

 LITTLE over a year ago, an old miser by the name of Paine died in New York. Some thousands of dollars of his hoard were found and they soon became the subject of litigation. While this was going on, Mr. C. F. Chickering, of Chickering and Sons, remembered that many years before, Paine had handed him a bundle, tied in a faded silk handkerchief, and had requested him to keep it for him in his private safe where it had lain since. Opening a corner of the bundle, he saw it contained bonds, greenbacks, etc., and immediately took steps to deliver to the estate the valuable bundle, whose contents, when counted, were found to amount to nearly \$400,000. This act of common honesty was seized upon by the New York daily press, and by more than one of our musical contemporaries, as something remarkable, and they have sung Mr. Chickering's praises unstintedly. There are compliments that are very much like insults, and Mr. Chickering must have blushed more than once as he read the encomiums showered upon him. Is there anything so strange as to call for special comment thereon in the fact that a gentleman, the son of honorable parents, honorable himself, one of the heads of a business house of international reputation, should not have turned thief simply because he had the opportunity of doing so without being discovered or suspected? What else did they expect Mr. Chickering to do with the bundle than what he did? Did it take this proof of honesty to entitle C. F. Chickering, a man of untarnished reputation, to be considered honest? Or are honest men so scarce in New York or among the members of the music trade? Such praises disgrace either the giver or the receiver—or both.

If the press desired really to compliment Mr. Chickering, why did it not seize upon another fact that came out in connection with this affair? Paine, according to all accounts, was squalid in his personal appearance, and those who knew him could not tell whether he was a miser or a pauper. In either case he was not of an engaging exterior and it would have been nothing strange if Mr. Chickering had avoided his contact. But Paine, withal, was a man of education, a lover and *connaisseur* of music, and upon this ground the gentleman of wealth and social position, recognizing intellectual merit under the rags of the supposed beggar, treated him as a friend. For this rising superior to what might be called legitimate prejudices, this practical recognition of the fact that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the man for a' that"

in a country where shoddyism is rampant—for this, we say, and not for an act of vulgar honesty C. F. Chickering deserves praise—a praise which he did not seek and which we believe we are the first to give.

NO MUSIC IN "ETHICAL CULTURE."

 UR readers will probably remember that a movement was started some time since in the East by a few prominent agnostics, prominent among whom was Max Adler, the ex-rabbi, for the formation of what are known as "societies for ethical culture," by which must be understood ethical culture without any admixture of religious faith or rites. The movement reached St. Louis in course of time, and he who wishes may now hear in this city the gospel of agnosticism preached to a small band of not very enthusiastic hearers by lecturers who exhort their audiences to rise in the scale of moral excellence by climbing on top of themselves or bravely lifting themselves up by the boot-straps.

But we must not permit our sense of the ridiculous to make us wander from our purpose, which is not here to expose the credulity of incredulity or the folly of so-called wisdom, but simply to report, in outline, a train of thought suggested to us by a bit of conversation which took place between two gentlemen who were interested in finding suitable music for one of the services of the St. Louis Society, and which we accidentally overheard. These gentlemen, it seems, had ransacked all the music stores of the city and several private musical libraries, for vocal music that should have a religious ring but from which such objectionable terms as "God," "Lord," "The Father," "Christ," etc., etc., should be absent. They had met with nothing but failure and thought the only way out of the difficulty would be for some of the learned members of the Society to write new words to some of the compositions of the old masters. What was actually done we do not know, but we think it is easily demonstrable that, in the nature of things, so called "ethical culture" can produce no music worthy of the name, no poetry above the level of doggerel.

The promoters of this movement are either agnostics or pantheists. In other words, they either deny that it is possible for man to know anything of any supernatural power or of obligations thereto, or they assimilate creation and the Creator. In their creed (or lack of creed) God, as a personality, disappears, creation becomes an inevitable necessity, or an accident, man's responsibility to a higher power seems but a figment of the imagination, prayer and praise are absurd and individual immortality is denied. Note, that we are not here discussing the truth or untruth of the positions assumed; we only state they are assumed and inquire: What must necessarily be the effect of such views upon the production of music and poetry of the higher sort?

Music is not a definite language, and hence is unsuited to the expression of either abstract theories or concrete facts. As soon as it passes beyond dance rhythms, it is, in reality, a vehicle for the expression of sentiment or feeling. Where there is no feeling, where there are no sentiments to express, there can be no song worthy of the name. Further than this, the nature of the sentiment will necessarily inspire and determine the character of the music. Again, what is true of music is, in this respect, to a great extent, true of poetry, which, while it does express definite thoughts, deals (if it be worthy of the name) only with those thoughts that are adapted to arouse elevated sentiments. Now, what is there that can inspire soul-stirring music or poetry in a negative or in the discouraging answer of the agnostic to

the inquiring soul: "No one knows or can know?" Even the birds cease to sing in the darkness! Who could write an oratorio in praise of the blind God of Necessity or of the dumb God who is a part and parcel of cabbage and turnips? Who can express in music or in words the contrite prayer of the penitent, the gratitude of the pardoned or the song of victory of the soul which, through faith, catches glimpses of the ineffable, if he believe there is no such thing as personal responsibility to or connection with a higher power—no individual immortality?

Try to imagine Handel writing his "Messiah" to commemorate the birth of some abstract, philosophical idea, Haydn penning his "Creation" under the inspiration of a belief that the living universe owes its existence to the fortuitous meeting of unknown molecules at some period in the remotest night of time, Mendelssohn giving to the world a "Lobgesang" in praise of an impersonal, unknown and unknowable something, Saint-Saëns writing an "Oratorio de Noël" to celebrate the birth of the "Society for Ethical Culture" instead of that of Christ, or Gounod spending years in writing his "Redemption" to set forth the doctrine of the regeneration of the world through intellectual culture and his "Mors et Vita" to glory in the hope that death ends all or that man's immortality is at most the continuity of his influence after death—a varying quantity, greater in some than in others—imagine this, we say, and you will have some idea of the impossible task which a writer of music or poetry for "Societies for Ethical Culture" would have before him.

We repeat it, these facts, though not without significance, do not prove the truth or untruth of pantheism or agnosticism. The multiplication table is very true, but none the less on that account unsuited to musical setting, though not more so, it seems to us, than the ideas of these people.

A thousand years of so-called "ethical culture" will not bring forth eight bars of such songs as "The Lord is mindful of His own" or "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Ethical culture" has nothing of which it can sing. Songs are for those who have feelings to express not for those whose best text is Artemus Ward's parting advice to his grandmother: "Be virtuous and you'll be happy." If we could imagine "ethical culture" taking the place of religion, we should have to look forward to a time when the masterpieces of sacred music would be forgotten and when the spring from which they have flowed would be dried up forever.

 NE of our exchanges, in an article entitled, "Some wholesome truths for teachers" says: "It must be remembered that the finest executants are not the most successful as teachers, usually." This statement (not a novel one by the way) is, it seems to us, opposed alike to reason and experience. Because, forsooth, Wieck and Deppe managed to turn out excellent players from among their pupils without themselves being great executants, every poor player insists that he is as good, if not better, as a teacher, than this or that first-class executant. Why should such a rule obtain in music only? Would he who desired to become a painter be advised to go to one who, while a good art critic, was yet unable to paint anything but rudimentary objects? Would you send your son to learn sculpture from one who could not model? Evidently not. Telling how to do a thing is well, but showing how it is done is better. Now and then one meets with a student of unusual talent and readiness of apprehension, for whom a good explanation, without any demonstration may answer, but such cases are rare indeed. In the large majority of cases, demonstration is not only advis-

able but absolutely necessary. Hence it is that, as a rule, the finest executants are the best teachers the world over. Rather than underrate the importance of good execution, those who wish to excel as teachers should endeavor to excel as executants, by which we mean not only skilled finger or voice gymnasts, but intelligent and feeling interpreters of the musical thoughts which they are to teach others to interpret. Technique should never be an end but it is indispensable as a means and it can certainly be taught best by those who are masters of it. Again, it is not opposed to musicianship, but quite the contrary.

ANECDOTES OF BEETHOVEN.

 EETHOVEN always spent the summer months in the country, where he was accustomed to write in the open air with the greatest comfort and the richest results. He once took lodgings in the romantic village of Modburg, that he might enjoy, to his heart's content, the Switzerland of Lower Austria, the lovely Briel. A luggage-wagon with four horses was freighted with a very small portion of furniture, but on the other hand, with an immense mass of musical matters. The towering machine was put slowly in motion, and the proprietor of its treasures marched before it *per pedes Apostolorum* in the most perfect contentment of mind. Scarcely was he out of the city—between cornfields, green and undulated by the Zephyr's breath, with the song of the lark thrilling above him, as it greeted in ecstasy the advance of spring—that his creative spirit awoke. Ideas jostled each other, were selected, arranged and noted down with the pencil—and the journey and its object were quite forgotten. The gods only knew where the composer had wandered in the long interim; but at length, about twilight, he arrived at his chosen Tusculum, perspiring at every pore, covered with dust, hungry, thirsty and dead-tired. Heaven help us! what a spectacle awaited him! The wagoner had accomplished his snail's progress without adventure; for his employer, however, who had already paid him, he waited two hours in vain. Totally unacquainted with the composer's eccentricities, and having settled that the horses must sleep in their own stable, the wagoner made short work of it, shot down his entire freight into the market-place, and returned home without further delay. Beethoven was at first very angry, then he burst into a fit of laughter, and at length, having hired a dozen of the gaping boys in the street, he had enough to do, before the hour of midnight was called by the watch, and fortunately favored by Luna's beams, to collect the scattered elements of his property and deposit them under a safe shelter.

When the composer brought out his Fantasia for the first time with an orchestra and chorus, he directed, at the usual hasty rehearsal, that the second variation should be played through without repeat. In the evening, however, completely absorbed in his own creation, he forgot the order he had given, and repeated the first part, while the orchestra accompanied the last, a combination which did not produce by any means a good effect. At last, when it was a little too late, the composer began to smell a rat, suddenly stopped, looked up in amazement at his bewildered band and said dryly: "Over again;" the leader, Anton Wranitzky, unwillingly asked: "With the repeat?" "Yes," was echoed back, and this time things reached a happy conclusion. That Beethoven had to a certain degree affronted these excellent musicians, by his irregular proceeding, he would not at first allow; he contended that it was a duty to repair any previous error and the public had a right to expect a perfect performance for their money. Nevertheless, he readily begged pardon of his orchestra for the unintentional offense, and was generous enough himself to spread the story abroad, and to lay the blame upon his own abstraction.

The more his want of hearing, and (in his late years) his increasing derangement of bodily health got the upper hand, the oftener did every fresh symptom bring with it the martyrdom of hypochondriasis. Then would he begin to complain of the deception and treachery of the world, of its wickedness, falsehood and suspicion; he would exclaim that there were no longer any intelligent beings to be met with, and, in short, he saw everything in the darkest possible hue, and he at length even distrusted his life-long friend and housekeeper. Suddenly he took the resolution of becoming inde-

pendent, and this strange idea, like all others, was no sooner formed than it was carried into execution. He went himself to market, chose, bargained and brought, and set himself to work, with his own hands, to prepare his own eatables. Thus he went on for some time, and as the few friends whom he would still endure in his neighborhood, made strong remonstrances with him on the subject, he became very indignant, and invited them to dine the next day in order that they might see the proofs of his proficiency in the noble art of cookery. The guests did not fail, in expectation of what would happen, to arrive punctually at the time appointed. They found their host in dressing-gown, his head covered with a stately nightcap, his waist girdled with a cook's blue apron, and fully occupied at the stove.

After an hour and a half's trial of patience, during which the imperious demands of hunger could with difficulty be kept down, dinner was at length served. The soup reminded one of the refuse which is charitably disposed of, as such, at hotels; the beef was scarcely warmed through, and fit only for the digestion of an ostrich; the vegetables swam in a reservoir of luke-warm water and grease; and the roast meat was burned to a cinder. Nevertheless, the master of the feast failed not heartily to recommence the attack on every dish, and endeavor to animate his reluctant visitors both by his own example and by the most extravagant praises of the delicacies he had set before them. These, however, after having contrived to swallow a few morsels, declared themselves satisfied and made their dinner chiefly of dry bread, fresh milk, sweet-meats and the unadulterated juice of grape. Happily, the composer, soon after his memorable task, grew tired of his adventures in the kitchen. He voluntarily resigned the sceptre, the housekeeper was reinstated and her master returned to his desk, which he did not again venture to desert for the sake of giving himself an indigestion by his own culinary preparations.

SPECIAL CHARACTER OF KEYS.

 HEN will the old-time fiction of the special characteristics of the keys in music be exploded? The old music master's axiom that all sharp keys are of necessity bright and sparkling, and all flat keys dull and sorrowful, in their respective effect, is a misleading error, and ought at once to be discarded. Common sense has, fortunately, prevailed to a great extent in the view taken at the present day on the question; but with some minds this superstition still lingers. That the mechanical exigencies of a keyboard, or the necessities of an imperfect—albeit the best—musical notation, cannot possibly affect the sounds of the notes, or give complexion to the keys, is open to demonstration. The fact at the same time must be admitted that, by reason of the system of equal temperament that obtains, certain instruments will happen to sound better or worse in certain keys. But such individuality is not inherent in the keys themselves; and where a local coloring exists the reason for it must be looked for elsewhere than in the fact that one key has four flats and another six sharps in its key-signature. With an assiduity worthy of a better cause, one of our musical contemporaries has been at some trouble to tabulate, for the benefit of such mortals as still walk in darkness, the various assumed idiosyncrasies of the keys; and, further, suggests that a player should always perform in those keys that are suitable to his or her prevailing mood at the moment! If your soul is sad, choose D minor! if a sense of exhilaration has taken possession of your spirit, select A major. Those of our readers who are familiar with the history of musical pitch know that organs at present exist varying a semitone or even more, in pitch. As a consequence, therefore, the E major of one instrument ("sparkling," according to our esteemed contemporary) must of necessity be similar in pitch to the E flat ("pathetic" of another). We believe that our readers will go with us in characterizing statements like those just alluded to as the merest charlatany. At the same time, if there be any proof to the contrary, we shall not mind receiving the deliberations of our readers on the subject. Here are one or two more definitions which can be brought to the bar of each individual judgment, and either accepted or rejected as may be thought prudent. B minor, "peculiarly adapted for artless and sincere melodies and words." A minor, "the simplest (?) key of all." E minor, "very sad indeed." But the height of absurdity is reached when we are gravely informed that the key of F is "mixed." What is "mixed"?

CHERUBINI.

CHERE are few composers so little known to the musical public as Cherubini, and yet he does not deserve to have sunk into the comparative oblivion that he has. His contributions to music were very valuable, and his art life was characterized by a beautiful purity and integrity. His longing soul could never rest. Even when the weight of years and an enfeebled body bowed him down, he still poured forth his song. His works are among the most brilliant of the French school, a school in which Meyerbeer is the most popular and best known composer. Like Bach, Cherubini gave his best work to ecclesiastical music, in all of which is displayed the deepest and most sublime devotional spirit.

Cherubini first saw the light on the banks of the Arno near Florence in the year 1760, nearly two years after Handel's death, and ten years before Beethoven was born. His father was the harpsichord accompanist at the Teatro Pergola in Florence. He soon discovered his son's genius and lost no time in fostering it. The first compositions of the boy were completed when he was at school thirteen years of age. They consisted of a mass and a cantata, both of which were performed in public and attracted considerable admiration. A few years later than this, the Grand Duke of Tuscany took him under his protection and furnished means to send him to the famous school of Giuseppe Sarti, at that time the most prominent *maestro* of the Italian school. At nineteen years of age he gave up his regular studies, and soon after produced his opera of "Amida" at Florence, but it was not suited to the taste of the Florentines, who preferred lighter and more brilliant music. The young composer then went to Germany, France and England where he met with a brilliant reception, and was everywhere recognized as a learned musician. About this time he wrote his opera of "Ifigenia" which was a far stronger work than any of his previous productions, and gave a glimpse of that powerful writing which is found in his later works. When twenty-eight years of age, Cherubini left Italy for Paris and made that city his home for the remainder of his life. All through the tumult and horrors of the revolution he paid but little attention to the tragedies that were being enacted around him on every hand, but gave all of his thoughts to music. Wagner in his work, "Tendencies and Theories," says of Cherubini and the great pupils formed by him:

"It would be difficult for us to answer them if perchance they now came among us, and asked in what respect we had improved the forms of our musical predecessors." The truth is that the composer had already begun to inaugurate changes which foreshadowed much of what Wagner has done. About this time the opera 'Lodviska' was composed and proved to be the most successful thing he had written, it having been performed over two hundred times in one year. This led to his great work 'Medea' which appeared in 1798. It is considered even now one of the greatest operatic compositions, for it has dramatic intensity and music which agrees with the situations. There is one reason why it is never produced now: in writing it Cherubini had no consideration for the voices. Singers cannot be found capable of undertaking it at all times. The late Teresa Titius was the only singer of the past twenty years capable of undertaking it; she sang the part of Medea at Covent Garden, London, 1870."

"Les deux Journées" better known as "The Water Carrier," and in Germany as "Der Wasserraeger," is generally considered as the composer's *chef-d'œuvre*. Mendelssohn said that no performance had ever given him such delight, and Spohr described it as the greatest of musical works.

Although living in Paris during the events which created the first Empire, the composer never took kindly to the military chief, and between him and Napoleon there was always a coldness. Cherubini was independent and haughty, and would not flatter the vanity, which it is well known the Emperor possessed to a great degree. Napoleon did everything he could to injure him, but still his popularity and fame progressed, and he brought out "Anacreon" and "Finiska." In 1808 he closed his career as an operatic composer. During his stay at the Castle of Chimay in Belgium, commenced that period of his life which he devoted to ecclesiastical music. His first work after his new departure was the great mass in F. It was performed in Paris for the first time from the manuscript by a company of virtuoso. Fétilis, the famous French critic, said: "it is superior to the masses of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven." Then came a constant

succession of masses that did not retrograde from the lofty standard of the mass in F.

After the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, Cherubini was taken into favor by the Bourbons, and the King appointed him the royal chapel-master. A few years later he was appointed to the directorship of the Paris Conservatoire, the highest honor that could be awarded him. He lived to an old age, honored and respected by all. The catalogue of his pieces shows four hundred and twenty-five works, only eighty of which have been published. Among the most important are twenty-five operas, eleven cantatas, ten sonatas and a large number of masses and requiems. To profound knowledge of music and great originality of thought, Cherubini united sublimity and a power of pathos and tenderness, and, above all, a devotional spirit that have never been surpassed by any composer.

"EGMONT."

GALVAYRE'S "Egmont" recently brought out with great success at the *Opéra Comique* in Paris, is thus described by the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*:

"M. Albert Wolff has reduced the five acts of Goethe's 'Trauerspiel' into four. The first takes place in the neighborhood of Brussels, and sets forth the hatred of the burghers for their foreign tyrants. After a little *diversissement*, with choral accompaniment, a dispute arises, and Brackenburg, Clara's father, is carried off prisoner by the Spanish soldiery. The girl implores Ferdinand, the Duke of Alva's son, to liberate her father, and he accedes to her prayer; but when he requires payment for his condescension Clara calls for help, and Egmont comes to the rescue. He challenges Ferdinand, but they have scarcely crossed swords when the Spanish soldiers reappear. Ferdinand is, however, magnanimous, and will not permit his rival to be seized. There is a chivalrous color imprinted on all the music allotted to Ferdinand, which contrasts well with the sombre lamentations of the Flemings, and with the graceful strains in which Clara indulges. The chorus of burghers assemble as the daylight fades away. 'La Flandre est finie' is built on a well-marked theme, and the phrase 'La Patrie est perdue' is followed, with dramatic effect, by the words 'Elle est sauvée,' spoken by Egmont, as he suddenly appears in the midst of the citizens and offers to be their chief. The act closes with the oath sworn by Egmont, his emphatic phrase being taken up in succession by the choral voices. The second takes place in Brackenburg's house, and is preceded by a 'Ronde de Nuit,' full of local color, the trio of this Spanish march being especially original. A duet for Clara and her father (soprano and bass) is followed by a prayer sung by the girl apprehensive for her lover's safety, and the orchestral accompaniment of the scene is brightened by a *carillon* which is heard striking the hour from the neighboring churches. The entrance of Egmont, of course, gives occasion for a love duet for soprano and tenor, which merges into a trio when the father returns to find that Clara's lover is his appointed master and chief, the leader of the coming revolt. In the third act we are in the palace inhabited by Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands, who in her only solo, for she only appears in this one scene, gives vent to her sympathy with the people over whom it has been her duty to rule. Maidens, among whom is Clara, bring her offerings of flowers, and the *fête* continues to the accompaniment of a tuneful gavotte, until all merrymaking is hushed by the appearance of the deathly face of the Duke of Alva. Egmont, who was followed by a Spaniard after his duel with Ferdinand, is accused of conspiring, and his arrest gives rise to a powerful concerted piece on which the curtain falls. The scene of the fourth and last act is naturally the prison, where Egmont hears read to him his sentence of death. Clärchen brings him the comforting assurance that his friends are about to effect his release, and the lovers give vent to their transports in a duet, which will unquestionably prove the most effective *morceau* of the opera. It is as full of melody as of impulsive passion, and was sung magnificently by Mlle. Isaac and M. Talazac, whose high chest notes rang clarion-tongued through the house. It produced a tremendous effect. But while the lovers are the world forgetting, they are not by the world forgot. For in the midst of their transports the solemn notes of the mass for the dead strike upon their ear, and as the curtain falls Egmont goes to his doom."

Students of Goethe will at once recognize the material, though, in view of the exigencies of the lyrical stage, perfectly justifiable

deviations from the original drama have been perpetrated in M. Wolff's libretto. It is remarkable that a drama so suggestive of musical situations as the great German poet's "Egmont," which has already inspired Beethoven to the composition of his famous incidental music, should have been disregarded so long by operatic librettists. More remarkable still that the first operatic librettist who so utilized it should have been a Frenchman.

SUNG IN THE TWILIGHT.

A STORY OF RICHARD WAGNER.

HE sunny June day was wearing on. The heat was unusual for an English summer, and it seemed to rest upon everything like a palpable weight. Even the clamorous London sparrows were silenced by it. The noise of wheels grinding on the stone pavements, when some provision cart stopped at a neighboring back door, seemed an impertinence to the hot silence. To live at all, Hans Breydel thought, demanded more energy than fate had left for him. He lay on his low couch in his "three-story back" room, and panted restlessly with the heat. Six years in England had not cured him of his German expletives.

"Ach Himmel!" he groaned, "I grill! I stifle!" Instantly his daughter came to his side. Minna Breydel was just sixteen. To her, England seemed home, for she came there a child of ten, just after the death of her mother, and she had grown into her sweet girlhood in the smoky air of the heart of London. She was a girl who would make you think of a white lily,—so tender was she and so fair,—with her blue eyes, and her wreath of yellow hair, and the pale face, to which any sudden emotion called a flitting pink color as delicate as the tint of the apple blossom.

She had no friends except her father. Her life had been passed in London lodgings of the humbler sort, and her father had been parent, teacher and companion, all in one. Hans Breydel was a disappointed man. He had fancied himself a musical genius long ago, and in his youth had been a friend of Richard Wagner, and had hoped and dreamed and aspired with him. But either fate had been against Hans Breydel, or he had been mistaken in his early belief in himself.

Even in his own Germany he had achieved no shining success, though he was happy there, with the wife of his youth and his love. But when she died, the quiet scenes among which they had lived together became insupportable to him. The old longing of his boyhood days for a wider and more stirring life possessed him again, and he took his violin and his little daughter and went to England. But again in London he failed to find any brilliant opening, and he had never risen higher than to be second violin in an orchestra.

For the last three months his violin had been idle, and some mysterious illness had seemed to be sapping the springs of his life. Perhaps the illness had root in his own discouraged heart, and meant hope deferred and turned into despair. At any rate, for three long months he had been the prey of this mysterious malady, which sapped his strength and beat down his courage, and turned him pale with unspoken fear.

His savings of the past had so far supported him and his daughter, but now he had come to the end of this moderate hoard. Hans Breydel himself did not know that the slender purse had dwindled down to its last half-crown, but Minna knew it only too sadly well. She had been brooding desperately over this state of things, when her father's exclamation summoned her to his side.

"What should she do—what could she do?" she had been asking herself. Her one sole accomplishment was to sing, and she had never sung as yet for any one but her father. Her voice was not strong enough to sing in public, he had always said. In truth, he had been too jealously careful of his delicate blossom of a girl ever to contemplate for her a fate which would compel her to struggle through the world.

He had trained her very thoroughly, however, vaguely thinking that "if the worst should come to the worst, she could teach—or something."

"Or something" is the stronghold of dreamers, but during those last three months it had seemed but a desperate refuge to Hans Breydel. And yet he did not guess that already "the worst" was at his door. That very morning the landlady had called Minna out, and asked for the last month's rent, which there was no money to pay.

"I don't want to be hard," the woman said, "and you've always paid punctual up to now. I'll wait a

week or two longer, but more than that I cannot say I'm a poor woman, as lives by her lodgers."

"Oh, I'll get some money somehow," Minna answered, and then she had come back into the room with her father, and sat at the window watching the hot, sleepy children in the back street below; watching them, yet taking no note of anything, beset by the one awful question: What could she do to keep a roof over their heads—to give her father food and care until he should get better?

The glaring sunlight shone down on the heat-stricken, listless world. It seemed to shrivel up all hopes, all illusions; to force her to contemplate the bare and terrible facts of life. Where should she turn for aid or counsel? Her baffled thoughts seem to go up and down purposeless on the wretched treadmill of her anxious questioning, till her father's exclamation broke the evil spell, and she hastened to him, glad of the interruption. She took up a fan and waved it to and fro, but that seemed only to make the musician nervous.

"Sit down," he said, "sit down, dear heart, and sing. It may help me to forget the heat. And I also want to see what you can do."

The girl obeyed. Her fresh young voice rose on the heavy, heated air; a soaring voice, clear and sweet, conquering for the moment her father's listlessness and discomfort.

"Lieber Gott," cried he; "hear her! It is a voice of silver. Yes, she shall sing herself into the heart of the world, and it shall be good to her, but not yet—not yet! Sing yet once more the song that mine old friend wrote for me. He is a great man now, that Richard Wagner, who loved me, and whom I loved in the far, old days. Sing the song he wrote that day, when, in the Black Forest, we had been glad together, he and I, and had talked about the future, which we thought would be all of success and glory—the song that he put our hopes and our dreams into—sing."

A sudden thought flashed into Minna's anxious heart—a hope so sudden that it almost made her breathless. A door seemed to open all at once.

"Father," she said, "he is in London, even now. Let me go to him! He loved you once; he will help you now."

"Help!" Hans Breydel cried, hotly, raising himself as he spoke. "Help! I will have none of his help. We will help ourselves and each other. Shall I, who walked in the old days by Richard Wagner's side, grovel at his feet now; I, who have failed, at his feet, who has succeeded? Not so, not so; but sing me yet once more his song, my heart's Minna."

And Minna sang. The clear, sweet voice uttered its cry of music, and one standing outside the door heard. When the song was over, Dr. Greenfield, who had been listening to it from without, came in, and made his visit to Hans Breydel.

When he left, he beckoned Minna out and spoke to her in the entry.

"He will never get well in this place," he said, gravely. "He needs to be taken out of this hot air, this close little room. He needs a change; sea air, good food, all sorts of things that he lacks here."

And at that Minna cried out, impatiently—

"Why not say he needs a dukedom, a palace? There is as much chance of it as of what you say he must have."

"Yet it must be had somehow. That voice of yours ought to help. I don't quite see the way yet; I must think. I will come again, to-morrow."

When he had gone down the stairs, Minna Breydel returned to her thoughts. He had said that voice of hers ought to do something. At any rate, it was their only hope. What could she do? She could not get scholars in a moment, and if she had them, how could she leave her father unattended while she taught them? And yet she must, must do something.

There was no hope of even a roof over their heads for more than a week to come, and food—how long could they exist on the single half-crown in her purse, to say nothing of all the luxuries her father's state demanded? Just then a hand-organ man stopped in the little back street, under her window, and played some familiar air of the day, and suddenly the thought came to her that she would go out by-and-by and sing; and if, indeed, her voice were what Dr. Greenfield thought, it might be that some kind people would care to hear, and perhaps she might at least do as well as the hand-organ man, and get a few shillings to help them along for a little while; and then perhaps her father would get better, and—who knew what? Great Field of Conjecture, to which Youth is forever heir, how soon do we lose the key to your enchantments, as the day of life wears on! And yet, Youth is, after all, right, and the unexpected is forever happening.

It was, altogether, a restless day for Hans Breydel. The song which Wagner had written for him when they were young together, had carried him

back through many a winding path to the old days, and again his heart beat with the old loves and hopes and ambitions. She came back to him from her far-off place,—the gentle wife he had loved so long and well, and who had been gone from him now so many silent years.

He forgot the changes and disappointments of the empty years since, and dreamed again the old dreams. Meantime, Minna dreamed also, sitting beside him; dreamed her young dream of to-day; how she would sing to some purpose at last, and how perhaps some manager would hear her,—she had heard of Rachel,—and she would be chosen of fortune and beloved of fate in the future; but, first of all, she would be able to help, in the present, this dear father of hers, and turn the dark days bright.

And so the hours wore on, and night drew nigh. She gave her father some beef-tea, and for her own supper she made a bit of bread do duty. And at last the twilight fell—the long, summer twilight, that always seems so much longer in London than anywhere else. And, seeing her father drowsily inclined, she asked him if she might go out for a breath of fresh air. Had he been less sleepy, he would have been surprised at this so unusual request, but as it was, he gave his consent, and, having exacted a parting promise from the landlady to look after him now and then, Minna Breydel started out, to test, for the first time, the uncertain humor of the world.

Once out of the door, her heart began to fail her. How should she, how could she, raise her voice to sing—she, who had grown up in the shade, and had never, in all her life, sung for any other listener than her father? But from the very thought of her father she must gather courage. What joy it would be for her to help him!

Some impulse urged her to get quite away from home, and beyond the probability of meeting any familiar faces, before she began. She wandered on and on, until she came near Kensington Gardens. Once or twice she was about to lift her voice, and was deterred by some gaze which seemed to her curious or impudent. She paused, at length, before a pleasant house, where were frequently musical gatherings in a quiet street of Kensington. The drawing-room windows were open, and their soft, white curtains stirred with the soft breath of the evening.

Who might be behind those curtains? What fate for her did they veil?

A star had risen and looked down on her from the far-off sky—her star, she thought, shining with hope. They must be music-lovers in the house, for some one struck, with the touch of a master, a few chords on a piano, as if to illustrate something that was said.

With the sound, Minna's courage rose, and she broke the following silence with an uncertain note. Then her voice grew stronger, and she sang:

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed you to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely to be seen,—
But aye she looth the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean."

The tender sweetness of her voice seemed like a part of the gentle dusk. The low wind stirring the leaves, the cloud-like white wings scarcely moving across the blue, the faint breath of the dew-wet roses, all belonged to her, and she and they were as one. Behind the white curtains, two men listened—good comrades, who had been talking together of pleasant plans and pleasant memories.

"Hark!" cried one of them. "That voice—how beautiful! It is the soul of the twilight."

And then both men listened quietly until the song was over. There was a moment's silence—and then, moved by a sudden impulse, the girl began to sing that other song which Richard Wagner had written for her father—that song of "wonder and hope," full of present joy and future promise. Soft as love itself the voice arose, strong as hope it climbed toward Heaven. The men heard it, and one of them—the one who had spoken before—reached out and grasped his comrade's hand.

"Listen! listen!" he whispered, and the two seemed hardly to breathe until the song was over. Then suddenly the elder of the two sprang from his seat, almost threw himself down the stairs in his hurry, and stood before Minna Breydel.

"Who are you?" he cried. "I wrote that song—I! It was printed never. It was my gift to my heart's friend, when we were young together. Who are you—who?"

"Minna Breydel," the girl answered, gently.
"And your father—he is Hans Breydel?"
"Yes, he is Hans Breydel."

"And I, girl, I am the friend of his youth—I am Richard Wagner. I made the song that you have sung—I. I have lost him for many years—the friend of my youth. Is he, perhaps, dead? Why are you here—you alone—singing the song of youth and love—the song that was sacred to him and me—in the streets of London? Ach Himmel, he is dead."

"No, but he is ill—he has been ill long—ill and poor; and we had no more any money, and I came out to sing, in hope that some one might find pleasure in my voice. And I sang that song because it was the song of friendship, and my father loves it—he and I love it—beyond all the songs in the world."

"He is ill—he suffers! Dear child, take me to him, and now."

And the great musician called a passing cab. Up stairs he went, for his hat and a few words of explanation to his friend; and then, in the space of a moment, as it seemed, he and Minna were upon their way. As they drove, Herr Wagner asked the girl countless questions, and before they reached their destination, he was in possession of Hans Breydel's whole history. When they alighted, he said:

"You shall show me the way—but you shall not speak. I will go in, the first; and I will speak. And I will see if the friend of the old time shall know me."

Together they climbed the stairs; and then Minna threw open the door of the three-story, back room, and motioned Herr Wagner to enter. Darkness had gathered, and no light had been lighted; and the sick man turned impatiently on his couch.

"Have you come at length, and at last?" he cried. "Ach, but the time has been long, and you should have fresh air enough by now."

"It is I who come—I!" said the deep voice from the doorway. "Hans, Hans Breydel, thou knowest me not?"

And there burst a cry of welcome from the sick man's couch.

"Richard, is it thou—thou?" and then, in a sterner voice, "but she has disobeyed me. I forbade her to seek thee."

"And she obeyed; she sought me not. She cannot be blamed. She but sang under my window, knowing not that it was mine, the old song of youth and hope and love,—the song I gave thee when we had wandered and dreamed and been happy together in the Black Forest, in the long-ago time. And I remembered the old days, and I went down the stair, and found her on the pavement, with her face like the moonlight, and her voice that I think must be like the songs of Heaven; and I asked how the song I had given thee could be on her lips, and she told me it all, and here am I, richer in that I have found again my old friend than in all else I have gained in London. Is the heart in thee unchanged for me, also, Hans Breydel?"

And through the darkness the weak hand of Hans Breydel reached, and the strong hand of Richard Wagner clasped and held it, and the two friends were one again, as in the days of hope and love and youth of which the song had sung.

And the rest follows, as a matter of course. The highest, dearest right to love is to help the beloved; and Richard Wagner claimed that right. On the shore of the North Sea, across which German eyes can look from England towards the Fatherland, Hans Breydel spent the August and September days. And was it the breath of the sea, or the breath of hope, that breathed into him new life?

At any rate, he grew well again. And when the world went back to town, and entertainments for the winter began, it was not hard for him whom Richard Wagner recommended and who was Richard Wagner's friend, to get such a position as he had never before held.

Thus came prosperity to the violinist and his daughter—prosperity, and the fulfilment of long-delayed hope—and to-day, if you go to one of the prettiest houses in London, where Minna reigns as wife and mother, and Hans Breydel figures as proud grandfather, you will see, in the place of honor over the mantel-piece—richly framed, the song that Richard Wagner wrote, that Minna Breydel sang, and before it, always, a glass of fresh pansies, the flowers of remembrance; since now the great musician has gone on,—where the singers are immortal, and the temples are not made with hands.—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, in *Companion*.

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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

Mme. Rivé-King gave piano recitals at Memorial Hall on the 14th and 15th ult., to good audiences. The audience on 15th being one of the largest ever seen at a piano recital in St. Louis. The programmes were the following:

For January 14. "Original Theme, Variations and Grand Fugue," (first time in America), Nicode. a. "Nocturne," (F sharp major). b. "Etude," (G flat). c. "Grand Polonaise," (A flat). Chopin. "Page's Song, (from Figaro), Mozart. "The Scarlet Sarafan," (Russian Air), Mdlle. Henrietta Schubert, Unknown. "Sonata Una Quasi Fantasia," (C sharp minor), Op. 27, No. 2. Adagio Sostenuto—Allegretto—Presto Agitato, (Von Bülow's Edition), Beethoven. "Rhapsodie D'Avvergne," Op. 71*, Saint-Saëns. "Good Bye," Mdlle. Henrietta Schubert, Tosti. a. "Minuet" b. "Gavotte," (A minor)*. Brandeis. "Persian March,"* Strauss-Gruenfeld. "Oh, Fatima," Mdlle. Henrietta Schubert, Weber. a. "Polonaise Heroique,"* b. "Gems of Scotland,"* Rive-King. "Sogniati," Mdlle. Henrietta Schubert, Schirra. "Valse Caprice,"* Ruvinstein. "Venezia e Napoli, Tarentelle," (No. 3).* (Rivé-King Edition), Liszt.

For January 15. "Original Theme, Variations and Grand Fugue," (first time in America), Nicode. a. "Nocturne," (E flat). b. "Nocturne" (G minor). c. "Scherzo," (B flat minor). Chopin. "Oh Lay thy Cheek on Mine," Jensen, Mdlle. Henrietta Schubert. "Sonata," (E flat), Op. 27, No. 1. Andante—Allegro molto e vivace—Adagio con espressione—Allegro Vivace Beethoven. "Humoreske,"* Kroeger. "Nocturne," (A major), Field. "Carnival Pranks," Schumann. "La Cleca," Ponchielli, Mdlle. Henrietta Schubert. a. "Bubbling Spring,"* b. "On Blooming Meadows,"* Rive-King. a. "Grande Polonaise," (E)* b. "1st Concerto," (E flat), Liszt.

Orchestra parts on a second piano by Mr. Charles Kunkel.
*Published by Kunkel Bros., St. Louis.

Much more than usual tact was manifested in the make-up of these programmes, which combine in a remarkable degree excellence and popularity. Mme. King is a puzzle to the critic. Years ago, it was believed that she had reached her full development, but each succeeding appearance shows an advance upon the previous one. Strangest of all is the fact that her principal development is in the direction in which one would least expect it, namely in that of dash. Certain it is that Mme. King holds her title of queen of the piano against all comers, not only by right of past achievements, but by virtue of new conquests. In the Chickering piano she seems to have found just the instrument suited to her great and special talents. Whether Mme. King or the house of Chickering be most to be congratulated upon this happy combination we cannot say. As voicing the opinion of the musical public we can, however, express our satisfaction at the artistic results of so fortunate a combination.

When everything was so well done it is hard to particularize. Nicode's "theme, variations, etc." were entirely new to St. Louis and Saint-Saëns' "Rhapsodie D'Avvergne" with its peculiar hurdy-gurdy effects was so to the majority of the audience. Both were played magnificently and created great enthusiasm. By common consent, however, the crowning success of the two concerts was Liszt's 1st, *Concerto* with Mr. Charles Kunkel at the orchestral piano. A more brilliant performance is hardly possible. Each artist seemed to have full confidence in the other, and Madame King fairly surpassed herself by her interpretation of this somewhat irregular but beautiful creation of the wizard of the piano.

Miss Schubert, the mezzo-soprano who accompanies Mme. King in her travels, has a beautiful voice and beautiful eyes. The latter she uses artistically, the former not so much so. She ought to have at least a couple of years' more study before attempting to appear in public with an artist of Mme. King's ability. She probably has the making of a singer in her but the singer is not yet made. It may serve to show our readers what class of music Kunkel Brothers publish to note that twelve of Mme. King's numbers in these concerts were drawn from their publications.

The Musical Union, at its second concert on December 30th, presented the following mixed programme:

1. 7TH SYMPHONY, A major, (Vivace, Allegretto and Presto), Beethoven, Orchestra. 2. "Veni Che Poi Sereno" (Semiramide), Gluck, Mad. Z. Trebelli. 3. "All Hail, Thou Queen of Night," Martin, Hatton Glee Club. 4. OVERTURE—Tannhäuser, Wagner, Orchestra. 5. a. "Regret" (Ballad), Cowen; b. "Love Was Once a Little Boy" (Ballad), A. Wade, Mad. Z. Trebelli. 6 and 7. MINUETT, For Stringed Instruments, Boccherini; GAVOTTE—Op. 161, S. Smith, Orchestra. 8. a. "Going Away," Hatton; b. "The Foresters," Bishop, Hatton Glee Club. 9. TORCH-LIGHT DANCE—From the New Opera, "Der Landfriese," Ignaz Brull, Orchestra.

It will be noticed that in this programme light music predominated. This was a wise move, in view of the fact that not a few of the subscribers to the series are partial to that class of music, and their wishes deserve recognition from the enterprise as well as those of the more advanced musicians. The Musical Union must, to a considerable extent, create its audiences, develope them, in other words, from material that has but little taste for intricate, symphonic works. The managers have understood this, and have wisely graded their programmes so as to make a gradual change in the musical diet of their patrons, rather than cut off at once their supply of musical milk, substituting suddenly therefor nothing but the strong meat of Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner, etc., thus producing that disease which is so fatal to musical progress—musical dyspepsia. The movements from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony were excellently played, as was also the Wagner overture. Mme. Trebelli was the chief vocalist of the evening. She was in excellent voice, and sang, as she always does, most artistically. The Hatton Glee Club was on also for two numbers. It is by far the best male quintette ever organized in St. Louis, not so much by reason of the individual voices of its members, which are not at all extraordinary, as because of the perfection of their ensemble and the finish of their performances. They were up to their high standard on this occasion.

"Ye editor" regrets that he was unavoidably out of the city when the Christmas performance by the Choral Society of "The Messiah" took place, and also when the new venture, the Amateur Opera Company, made its début, so that he can only give reports thereof at second-hand. According to the accounts of competent judges, the choruses of the "Messiah" were excellently rendered. Complaint is made, however, that a chorus of 400 voices had been announced, while only 200 persons appeared on the stage. Of the soloists, the best work was done by Mr. Wiseman, the basso. Miss Læcis is said to have marred an otherwise good rendering of the alto part by a far too free use of portamento. The two imported soloists were universally voted "no good."

THE rendering of "The Mikado," by Prof. Poppen's Amateur Operatic Society, is differently reported upon by different musicians who were present. All agree that the Misses Stone (Frederika and Patti) gave a performance of their parts which would have put to shame many a professional. Mr. Charles Kunkel is our authority for saying that, considering the material at hand, Mr. Poppen deserves great credit for the success actually achieved by his troupe. To fashion any kind of an operatic troupe out of amateurs, some of whom can hardly read a note of music, is a task which none but a fool or a hero would undertake. As Mr. Poppen is not a fool, he has fairly earned the title of a hero—and a successful one, it seems.

THE second concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, under the management of Boilmann Brothers, occurred on the 18th of January, and was, if possible, more successful than the first. The following programme was almost faultlessly rendered: 1. QUARTELLE—I, Op. 12, *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*, a. Introduction—Allegro; b. Canzonetta; c. Andante—Allegro Vivace. 2. SOPRANO SOLO—Grand Aria from "Mireille," Gounod, Mrs. Frank W. Peebles. 3. VIOLIN SOLO—Concerto F sharp Minor, *Vieuxtemps*; Allegro, Andante, Allegretto, Mr. Geo. Heerich. 4. Andante con Moto, from Posthumous Quartette, Fr. Schubert. 5. SOPRANO SOLO—"La Chanteuse Voilee" (Bohemian), Victor Masse, Mrs. Frank W. Peebles. 6. QUINTETTE—Op. 83, C. Reinecke; a. Introduction—Allegro, b. Andante, c. Allegretto, d. Allegro. The movement from the posthumous quintette of Schubert was the most enjoyable number, its great beauty being fully brought out by the fine interpretation given it by the players. Next to that, probably, though widely different in character, was the allegretto from the Reinecke Quintette with its quaint and rollicking humor. Mrs. Peebles, who assisted the club, was in excellent voice and sang her numbers and encores very artistically. The Messrs. Böllman are to be praised for the excellent condition in which they keep the Knabe grand used at these concerts. It used to be painful to hear the excellent work of another string quartette marred by the use of an inferior make of piano, and it is a great satisfaction to know that the Mendelssohns are in no danger from any such source.

WE have kept our columns open until the last minute in order to be able to give some account of the concert given by Mr. E. R. Kroeger, at Memorial Hall, on the evening of January 27th. This concert consisted wholly of Mr. Kroeger's own compositions, and the following was the programme:

1. PIANO DUET—Tarantelle in E Minor, [Dedicated to W. Goldner] Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 2. BARYTON SOLO—"Love's Glance," [Dedicated to George H. Wiseman], Mr. Wiseman. 3. TRIO in E flat, for Violin, Violoncello and Piano; a. Allegro con spirito; b. Andantino; c. Scherzo (molto vivace); d. Allegro vivace, Messrs. Heerich, Anton and Kroeger. 4. SOPRANO SOLO—a. "Chickadee," b. "So Much Between Us," Mrs. Praetorius. 5. PIANO SOLO—a. "Sylphentanz" (Dance of the Sylphs), b. Humoreske, No. 1, in E minor, c. Humoreske, No. 3, in E major (Cradle Song), d. Elfenreigen (Dance of the Elves), Mr. Kunkel. 6. QUARTET—For Female Voices—"All Fools' Day," [Dedicated to the Stone-Kreiter Quartet,] The Stone-Kreiter Quartet. 7. TENOR SOLO—a. "The Sunbeams are Sleeping," b. "Wake Not" (Oriental Serenade), Mr. Hein. 8. QUARTET in D minor, for Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello, [Dedicated to Charles Kunkel,] a. Maestoso—Allegro; b. Scherzo (vivace); c. Romanza (Andante); d. Allegro assai, Messrs. Kunkel, Heerich, Mayer and Anton.

Some of the pieces on this programme are familiar to our readers through having appeared in THE REVIEW. The "Tarantelle in E minor," the "Trio in E flat for violin, 'cello and piano," the "Quartette for Female voices," and the "Quartette in D minor, for piano, violin, viola and violoncello," are all in manuscript, and these (except the "All Fools' Day" quartette) had never before been heard in public. Passing over the Tarantelle, which, however, is an excellent piece of piano writing, we can truthfully say that Mr. Kroeger astonished his friends and silenced his detractors (if he has any) by his trio and still more by his quartette in D minor. The latter is in our opinion (and we speak most deliberately) worthy of a place by the best works of the sort written by Schumann or Schubert. It is not merely "creditable" or "excellent," it is great—probably—undoubtedly—the best work of the sort ever done on this continent. When it is remembered that the author is less than twenty-four years of age, his work in these compositions appears wonderful. Mr. Kroeger was fortunate in having as interpreters the very best of St. Louis talent. Mr. Kunkel never played better in his life than on this occasion, and did a graceful thing when the audience insisted upon an encore to bring Mr. Kroeger upon the stage with him and respond to the encore by a duet—one of Mr. Kroeger's waltzes. Most of the soloists were recalled, all were applauded to the echo—and deservedly. The attendance at this concert was the largest seen at a concert in Memorial Hall this year. Camp-stools were at a premium ten minutes before the concert began, and from that time on it was "standing room only." The Chickering piano used was in excellent condition.

PARIS LIBRARIES.

 F all the cities in the world, Paris has the largest number of public libraries. The National library—the largest in existence—has three million volumes, about as many prints and engravings, and a hundred thousand manuscripts. The Mazarin has three hundred thousand volumes, the Sainte Geneviève has one hundred and sixty-three thousand, the City library has an immense number of books on the history of Paris and the revolution. Then, there are the libraries of the Industrial Arts, the Beaux Arts, the Sorbonne, the Chamber of Commerce, all of which are open daily to the public, and also special libraries of the schools of medicine and law. In addition to these, there are fifty free public libraries, managed directly by the town council, and eighteen popular semi-subscription libraries, subventioned by the town.

GOUNOD has completed the great mass which he was writing in honor of Joan of Arc. It will be executed in July next, in the famous cathedral at Reims, where Joan of Arc is buried.



OUR MUSIC.

"VALSE BRILLANTE," (in A flat)...M. Moszkowski.

This is, we believe the best as well as the most popular of Moszkowski's waltzes. It is one of the numbers of "Kunkel's Royal Edition" and is edited with all the care that has been bestowed upon all the numbers of this edition.

"MINNEHAHA POLKA,".....S. H. Lara.

This little composition is quite melodious, as it should be in view of its name. It presents no difficulties of execution and for that reason will be appreciated by those of our readers whose technical attainments are limited and who, however, desire to make the most of them.

"WITCHES' STORY," (Hexengeschichte)

.....Aug. W. Hoffmann.

Mr. Hoffmann is yet a young man, but our readers will need no other introduction to him than this composition to feel assured that he has a bright future in store. What the story of the witches is must be left to the imagination of each performer. It must be original and characteristic however. Considerable technical skill is demanded for the proper rendering of this composition, but it will well repay careful study and practice.

"SWEET SIXTEEN," (Caprice Polka).. Otto Anschuetz.

There must be several thousands of the readers of the Review who are "sweet sixteen" or thereabouts, and many more who have been or expect soon to be. To all these this pretty composition, by the author of "The Little Flatterer," appeals. While not of the easiest grade, it makes no demands for very advanced technique, and yet it gives scope for the display of a good deal of taste in interpretation.

"ARLETTE,".....E. R. Kroeger.

Mr. Kroeger is unable to give us the name of the author of the words of this song. They are "a newspaper waif" he says. If so he has rescued them from oblivion by wedging them to this excellent music. Should any of our readers be able to give us the name of the author of the words they will oblige us.

The pieces in this number cost in sheet form:

"VALSE BRILLANTE," (In A flat)...Moszkowski 75

"MINNEHAHA POLKA,".....Lara \$ 35

"WITCHES' STORY," (Caprice).Hoffmann 60

"SWEET SIXTEEN," (Caprice Polka).. Anschuetz 60

"ARLETTE," (Song)Kroeger 35

TOTAL.....\$2.65

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VALSE BRILLANTE.

M. Moszkowski.

Allegro con brio. d. - 84.

The sheet music consists of five staves of piano music. The first staff uses treble and bass clefs, with dynamics f and *Red.*. The second staff continues in the same key signature. The third staff begins with a treble clef and includes fingerings like 4, 3, 2, 1 and 3, 1, 4, 2, 3, 1. The fourth staff starts with a bass clef and includes fingerings like 4, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef and includes fingerings like 5, 4, 2, 1. The music concludes with a dynamic *un poco riten.*

4 *in tempo.*

pianiss. grazioso.

cres.

rit.

f

cres.

a tempo.

riten.

f marcato e risoluto.



a tempo.

The sheet music consists of six staves of musical notation for piano, arranged vertically. The first five staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the last staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2/4'). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '3 2 4 3 2 1' or '5'. Dynamic markings include 'p' (piano) and 'ff' (fortissimo). The first five staves conclude with a repeat sign and the instruction 'Red.' (ritenando). The final staff begins with a repeat sign and ends with a double bar line and a '2/4' time signature. The instruction 'con fuoco.' appears between the fifth and sixth staves.

A page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and uses a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various dynamics such as *ff*, *f*, *p*, *pianissimo*, and *legg.* Fingerings are indicated above the notes, often showing sequences like 1-2-3-4-5 or 5-4-3-2. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The first staff shows a dynamic *ff* followed by *f*. The second staff begins with *p* and ends with *legg.* The third staff features a series of eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff starts with a dynamic *p* and includes a measure with a bass note of $\frac{1}{2}$. The fifth staff begins with *p* and ends with *pianissimo*. The sixth staff concludes with *p*.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and includes various dynamics such as *p*, *cres.*, and *ff*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '1 2 3 5 4' or '1 2 5 4'. The piano keys are labeled with numbers 1 through 5. The music includes bass and treble clefs, and some measures feature a basso continuo line with a 'Rd.' instruction. The overall style is characteristic of classical piano music.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and includes various dynamics such as *p*, *p.p.*, *f*, and *cres.*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, and performance instructions like *un poco riten.*, *a tempo.*, *grazioso.*, and *rit.* are scattered throughout. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and some measures contain multiple notes per beat. The piano keys are represented by black and white squares on the staves.

in tempo.

The image shows five staves of piano sheet music. The first staff begins with "in tempo." and includes fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) above the notes. The second staff starts with "cres." and "or 1-3". The third staff features a dynamic "f" and "2 Red.". The fourth staff has fingerings (e.g., 1, 3, 5, 2, 5, 2). The fifth staff concludes with a dynamic "V."

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and includes various dynamics such as *ff*, *ff pesante*, and *con bravura*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers above the notes, and performance instructions like "Red." and "*" are placed below the staves. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

MINNEHAHA POLKA.

Mrs. S. L. Lara.

Allegretto — 104.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, B-flat major, and 2/4 time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, A-flat major, and 2/4 time. Measure 23 starts with a dynamic 'p' and consists of six eighth-note chords. Measure 24 continues with six eighth-note chords. Measure 25 begins with a sixteenth-note chord followed by six eighth-note chords. Measure 26 concludes with a sixteenth-note chord followed by six eighth-note chords.

Giocoso.

A musical score for piano featuring two staves. The upper staff is for the treble clef hand, showing a melodic line with various note heads and stems. The lower staff is for the bass clef hand, showing a harmonic bass line with sustained notes and bass clef. The music includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'Ped.' (pedal), and fingerings such as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Measures are numbered 1 through 10. The page number '10' is visible at the bottom right.

A horizontal strip of sheet music for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of a series of chords, primarily in the right hand, with various fingerings indicated above the notes (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 3-2-1, 2-1-2, 4-3-2, etc.). The left hand provides harmonic support with sustained notes. Pedaling instructions are placed below the bass staff, with labels "Ped." and "Ped." followed by asterisks (*) at regular intervals. The music concludes with a final instruction "Ped." at the far right.

A musical score for piano featuring two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major. The music consists of six measures. Measure 1: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (3,2) and (1,4) over a bass note. Bass staff has eighth-note pairs (1,2) and (5,2). Measure 2: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (2,1) and (5,4) over a bass note. Bass staff has eighth-note pairs (1,2) and (5,2). Measure 3: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (2,1) and (5,4) over a bass note. Bass staff has eighth-note pairs (1,2) and (5,2). Measure 4: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (2,1,2) and (5,4) over a bass note. Bass staff has eighth-note pairs (1,2) and (5,3). Measure 5: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (2,1,2) and (5,4) over a bass note. Bass staff has eighth-note pairs (1,2) and (5,4). Measure 6: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (2,1,2) and (5,4) over a bass note. Bass staff has eighth-note pairs (1,2) and (5,4). Pedal points are marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks (*).

A page of musical notation for piano, featuring six staves of music. The notation includes fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5), dynamic markings (e.g., *mf*, *f*, *p*), and pedal instructions (Ped., *). The music consists of various chords and melodic lines, typical of a piano piece.

The first staff begins with a dynamic *mf*. The second staff starts with a dynamic *f*. The third staff begins with a dynamic *mf*. The fourth staff starts with a dynamic *f*. The fifth staff begins with a dynamic *p*. The sixth staff begins with a dynamic *p*.

Fingerings are indicated above the notes in each staff. Pedal marks (Ped.) are placed under specific notes in the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth staves. Asterisks (*) are placed under specific notes in the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth staves.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is written in common time and includes various dynamics such as *p*, *f*, *cres.*, *cen.*, *do*, *dim.*, and *sff*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, and performance instructions like "Ped." and asterisks (*) are placed below the staves. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

WITCHES' STORY.

HEXENGESCHICHTE.

Caprice.

August W. Hoffmann.

Allegro. $\text{C} = 120.$

Small hands may omit this C.

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A page of musical notation for piano, featuring five staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics such as *mf*, *cres.*, and *mf*, and fingerings indicated by numbers above the notes. Performance instructions like "Ped." and asterisks (*) are also present. The music consists of a mix of treble and bass clef staves, with some staves containing both treble and bass parts. The overall style is technical and expressive, typical of a virtuoso piano piece.

A page of musical notation for piano, featuring five staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics such as *ff*, *f*, *mf*, and *p*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 2, 3, 4, 5, 1. Performance instructions like "Ped. *" and "Ped." are placed below the bass staff. The music consists of six measures per staff, with the first measure of each staff being longer than the subsequent ones. The key signature changes frequently, including sections in G major, A major, and E major.

A page of musical notation for piano, featuring five staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics such as *ff*, *f*, *mf*, *cres.*, and *Presto.*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 2, 3, 4, 5. Performance instructions like *Repet.* and *Repet. ** are placed below the staves. The music consists of a mix of treble and bass clef staves, with some staves containing both. Measures are separated by vertical bar lines, and the overall style is characteristic of classical or romantic piano music.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

CAPRICE POLKA

Otto Anschütz.

Tempo di Polka. ♩ - 92.

The music is divided into four systems, each starting with a different dynamic: *f*, *f*, *p*, and *cres.*. The notation includes various hand positions indicated by numbers (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) above the fingers, and pedaling instructions like 'Ped.' and '*' below the notes.

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A page of musical notation for piano, consisting of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '3 4' or '5 3'. Dynamics include 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), 'cres.' (crescendo), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), and '8' (octave). Articulation marks like dots and dashes are also present. The notation includes various chords and arpeggiated patterns.

The image displays a page of sheet music for a piano, consisting of six staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom four are bass clef. The music is written in common time. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '4 5' and '3 4'. Various dynamics are used, including 'f' (forte), 'p' (piano), 'cres.', and 'sf'. Performance instructions like 'Trío.' and 'Red. *' are scattered throughout the page. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth note patterns, as well as sustained notes and rests.

The sheet music consists of five staves, each with a treble or bass clef and a B-flat key signature. The first four staves are in common time, while the fifth staff begins in common time and ends in 2/4 time. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Fingerings are indicated above certain notes and chords. Measure numbers 1 through 8 are present above the first four staves. The fifth staff starts at measure 8 and ends at measure 15. The final measure of the piece is in 2/4 time.

A page of sheet music for piano, featuring ten staves of musical notation. The music is written in common time and consists of two systems. The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, followed by a treble clef. The second system begins with a bass clef. The notation includes various note heads with fingerings such as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, and dynamic markings like 'cres' (crescendo) and 'ff' (fortissimo). The piano keys are indicated by vertical lines with arrows pointing up or down, and the hands are labeled 'R.H.' and 'L.H.'. The music concludes with a final dynamic marking of 'ff'.

ARLETTE.

To Mrs. H. S. Praetorius.

E. R. Kroeger.

Allegretto. ♩. - 104.

The day is spent, and
fields, new shorn, Are bright with fading sheen; --- Like blossoms left behind the corn, The

maidens come and glean; --- Blue eyes, and floating locks of gold, Have caught you in their

net; --- You smile and call me strange and cold. You nev- er knew Ar - lette. --- The

a tempo.

glamor of the sun - ny south A - bout her beau - ty lies;

poco cres.

A sun - ripe cheek, a -

poco cres.

scar - let mouth, And dark, beseech - ing eyes;

A daughter of the soil, as sweet As

summer buds dew - wet;

No taint of our town - bred de - ceit Has ev - er touch'd Ar -

riten.

riten.

a tempo.

lette..... With half her charm some girls might win A fashion - a - ble fame;

a tempo.

How

Came she by the southern skin, And soft old Nor-man name!..... We talked, I questioned,

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef and common time. The lyrics "came she by the southern skin, And soft old Nor-man name!..... We talked, I questioned," are written below the notes. The bottom staff is for the piano, featuring a bass clef and common time. The music continues with a series of chords.

she replied, Till I for-got my fret;..... For bit - ter thoughts and an - gry pride All

This section of the score continues the musical piece. The top staff shows the vocal line with lyrics "she replied, Till I for-got my fret;..... For bit - ter thoughts and an - gry pride All". The bottom staff shows the piano accompaniment.

riten.
fled before Ar - lette.....

riten. *a tempo.*

This page contains two staves. The top staff features a treble clef and common time, with the instruction "riten." above the first measure and lyrics "fled before Ar - lette.....". The bottom staff features a bass clef and common time, with the instruction "riten. a tempo." above the first measure.

perdendo. *p*

This page contains two staves. The top staff is mostly blank. The bottom staff features a bass clef and common time, with the instruction "perdendo." above the first measure and a dynamic "p" (piano) at the end of the page.

OLD GERMAN DANCES.

HE Germans always were and still are, says Brainard's *World*, very fond of dancing. This is especially true of the South Germans, who, in this particular, surpass their northern countrymen. One of the oldest dances known is the sword dance, evidently of Grecian origin, it being modeled after the Grecian military dance. Young men who engaged in it used swords, with which they pretended to strike at each other. While thus brandishing these weapons, they moved about, passing each other, without, of course, injuring their fellow-dancers. Tacitus already says that this was a favorite sport among the ancient Germans. This sword dance was practiced up to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Among the older dances, we notice the *Schuhplatt* dance, the *Hexenschlaeger*, and many others, which were mainly known in Tyrol and Steyermark. The following will give our readers an idea of some of the peculiar dances of those countries. The country people are sitting together, chatting, when suddenly a girl escapes from her partner, takes a place on the floor, and, with downcast eyes, whirls around like a spindle. This is an invitation for her lover to step up to the dance, which he does without delay. He encircles her with all manner of dancing, capers and motions, expressing his delight in pantomimes, at the same time stamping with his feet, slapping his hands and thighs, beating time to the music, turning somersaults, allowing the girl to dance under his arms, while here and there, if the man is good enough a gymnast, he will jump over the girl, until at last he grasps her and lifts her high up into the air.

In certain valleys, they have a peculiar dance which begins very slowly. Says an eye-witness: "The floor trembles beneath the iron-shod shoes of these immense fellows. Suddenly the music changes, and with it the entire aspect of the room. The man, letting go his partner, begins a series of gymnastic capers and jumps; their heavy frames display an unlooked-for agility. One of the commonest movements is to throw one's self on one's knees, fold both arms over the chest, and bend backward until the back of the head touches the floor, and give a few sounding raps on the hard boards; then, with one jerk, the man regains his erect position, without touching the floor with his hands. In another movement, the man kneels down, and with his bare knees beats a sounding rat-ta-tat on the floor. To jump high up in the air and come down upon the knees with full force, is very common. All these capers are accompanied with loud, shrill whistling, and peculiar smacking sounds of the lips and tongue, in imitation of the sounds made by certain wild animals." These dances, as a rule, are short, and couples follow each other in quick succession. The intervals are devoted to the singing of the "*Schuaderhupfe*," a species of songs which are improvised, and which express derision and defiance toward some rival, who is compelled to step up and to try, at least, to outdo his predecessor. The songs here referred to, as, indeed, the whole performance, border on the brutal, and indicate the low state of culture among these people.

Germany had, and still has, many trade dances, only one of which we will mention, namely, the cooper dance. Its origin dates back to the six-

teenth century, but, despite its extreme old age, it is still practiced on Ash Wednesday in the city of Munich. It is described as very curious. A number of journeymen coopers are chosen to dance to an old melody in public places and before the dwellings of leading citizens. The dance is a sort of ballet, and the dancers have in their hands hoops bound with green foliage. As nearly as possible, the old costume is imitated, and everything is done to reproduce the quaint spectacle which the good folk of Munich laughed at in the midst of their terror over three hundred years ago. Two buffoons accompany the dancers, and their duty is to harangue the public.

Most people have read of torchlight dances, but very few have any idea of their character. The torchlight dance is always performed in connection with the marriage of a Prussian prince or princess, and it was for one of these occasions that Meyerbeer wrote his very brilliant "*Fackeltanz*." The title of the dance would indicate that the dancers carry torches while engaged in their sports, but such is not the fact. Pages carry the torches, while the ministers of state perform a slow polonaise while conducting the newly married couple to the bridal chamber. The custom is very old, and dates back to the Grecians. Constantine the Great introduced it at his court, and through Charlemagne the practice came into Germany. Strange as it may seem, a similar ceremony exists among our Indians. An incident is mentioned of a marriage between the daughter of the Shasta chief, Warretotot, and a white man. It is said that at the feast neither the bride nor the groom were allowed to eat anything. The meal being ended, a number of men carrying torches appeared before the wigwam, with the medicine-man at their head. They passed through the wigwam in which the party were sitting, after which the guests and finally the young couple fell into the ranks, the whole procession proceeding to the new wigwam prepared for the newly married pair. After entering, the medicine-man lighted the fire, and each torch-bearer threw his burning fagot upon it and left.

The waltz is the German national dance. It has found its way into all countries, but nowhere is it as well danced as in the Fatherland. During the latter part of the last century, the slow minuet was the favorite dance, but when the wars of Napoleon had come to an end, and the poor, afflicted people were once more breathing the atmosphere of peace, they gave themselves over to all manner of pleasures. The two principal amusements were the opera and the dance. Rossini was then at the zenith of his glory, intoxicating the nations with his light and charming melodies, while the elder Strauss and Launer were rivaling each other as to who should be the superior waltz writer.

THE UNMUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

MHEN the curtain rises on the third act of "*Carmen*," recumbent smugglers, picturesquely grouped, are discovered in the enjoyment of peaceful slumbers. From this well-earned repose, however, they are speedily roused by a watchful comrade. A few years ago, during the performance of this episode at the Vienna Opera House, one of the leading bass

smugglers, although energetically prodded in the ribs by the conscientious sentinel, remained totally insensible to all the efforts compatible with stage decorum made to awaken him. Finding their endeavors fruitless, his fellow-supers resolved to let him lie, trusting that the noise of the proximate chorus would startle him from his lethargy. This it failed to do; and presently *Carmen*, represented by Mme. Lucca, advancing to the foot-lights from the recesses of the contrabandists' cave, found her tuneful utterances accompanied *obbligato* by a snore, which is described by an eminent Viennese musical critic as only comparable in vehemence of sonorousness to "an avalanche, the roar emanating from a traveling menagerie at feeding time, or the howling of a cyclone." The audience, of course, laughed loudly, and the smugglers, gathering around the prostrate producer of these stupendous sounds, belabored him to such purpose that *Carmen* herself pleaded that some mercy might be shown him. Finally, he was dragged off into the wing, where some of the female smugglers contrived to awaken him by holding his nose and stuffing their handkerchiefs into his gaping mouth, whereupon he staggered dizzily to his feet, and, upsetting a rock or two of the cavern on his way, stumbled into its depths to "have his sleep out."

THE SONG WORDS ON PAGE 43.

GHE "Metrical translations by the editor" on the first page of this issue are all translations of song words. Special pains have been taken to make them all singable and it is believed that success has crowned the translator's endeavors. These songs are all published by Kunkel Brothers, and with the exception of "*Embarrassment*" and "*Love's Morning Message*" were originally written for their catalogue. All the songs have, of course, the original foreign words as well as the translations here given. "*Embarrassment*" (*Verlegenheit*)—price in sheet form 25 cts.—and "*Love's Morning Message*" (*Morgengruss*)—price 35 cts.—are two of Abt's best short compositions.

"Believe Me" (*Credimi*) is one of Signor Del Puente's favorite songs—it was composed for him by Marenco, and has German as well as Italian and English text. The manuscript composition was duly transferred by Signor Del Puente to Kunkel Brothers. A good song for a good barytone—not very difficult—price 40 cts.

"Tick-tack-Cuckoo"—The music of this song is by Mr. Charles Kunkel. It has a good, taking melody and a very characteristic chorus on the words tick-tack, etc. It is an excellent song for school entertainments where it is desired to have an entire class join in a chorus. Price 50 cts.

"Blondina, the Flower Girl" (*La Biondina*). The music to these words is by Tamburello. The words are tossed and retossed in the Italian fashion through nine pages of very florid music. It is an exceedingly effective song in the hands (or rather the throat) of a good light soprano. Price 75 cts.

"He will Return" (*Torrera*). The music of this composition is also by Tamburello. It makes perhaps the most brilliant trio for female voices ever written. A most taking number for exhibitions of young ladies' schools. The piece is eleven pages in length. Price \$1.00.

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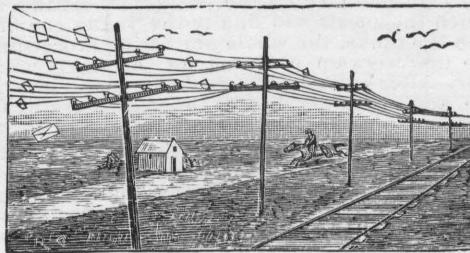
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THE RESPONSIVE CHORD.

TN the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced, one evening, to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First, the band on the northern bank would play "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie," or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an "old Confederate yell." But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home, Sweet Home!" At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison; and on both sides of the river:

"Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder."

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

BOSTON.

BOSTON, January 17, 1887.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW—I am filled chiefly with opera this month, for Boston is not a city that affords constant opportunities to hear the great vocal works, and when an opera season does take place, the critics even neglect the Symphonies and give the former the preference. It was the National Opera Company which caused me to desert slippers and cigar every night, and hie me to the Boston Theatre. Under Thomas' lead, the performances were bound to have some musical worth, and the orchestral work in every opera given was worthy of undiluted praise. If they come to St. Louis, go on the evenings when the orchestra has prominent work to do, when Wagner operas are given, especially. Combined with this unmilitated excellence of orchestration, is superb stage management. Mr. Hock has done wonders in this direction, and the effects of scenery, costume, grouping, etc., are up to the best European standard. Then the ballet! If we must have a ballet (which I deny) at least let us have an attractive one. It is painful to see venerable dames standing on one leg and solemnly waving the other in the air; but it is bearable when the dames are young demoiselles, and are as pretty as the ballet of this opera company certainly is. But when we come to the singers, things range all the way from very bad up to excellent. The Opera of Martha, for example, was spoiled because the parts of Plunkett and Lionel were weak as dishwater in the performance. I have seen Brignoli as Lionel, and then deemed that there could be no worse actor in the part, but Mr. Bassett has convinced me of my error. Besides, Brignoli could sing gloriously, and Mr. Bassett cannot. In fact, the weakest point in the company is that it has no tenor for really heroic or tenderly lyrical parts. As for Plunkett, who can accept any Plunkett after Carl Formes? I believe Whitney might make a good Plunkett, but the part was cast to Mr. Stoddard who struggled with it in vain. But the brilliant Miss L'Allemand, and the sprightly Mrs. Davis, together with the comical Mr. Hamilton, carried the opera to success. The best work of the company is in the "Flying Dutchman," for here the leading part is a barytone, and Mr. Ludwig sings and acts it to perfection, while Emma Juch achieves an absolute triumph as Senta, while Whitney is at his very best as Captain Doland. Whitney is no great actor, but he is a grand singer, and some sturdy characters fit him well, as the above one, or that of Marcel in the Huguenots, where his very stiffness adds a charm to the part. Lohengrin is mounted with great magnificence, and so long as they keep Miss Pierson out of the part of Elsa it will be successful. Miss van Zanten, the new contralto, does very well as Ortrund in this, (and also makes an effective Orpheus in Gluck's opera), but must avoid going at too high pressure. She is too constantly vehement, and becomes worn out before the end of the opera. Candidus is a fair Lohengrin, but he has not much of the dramatic instinct, and leaves the audience cold. Madame Fursch-Madi is a great artist in all she undertakes, and she sang the part of Aida with great effect. This, and her work in the Huguenots, ought to be especially noticed in these days when all the sopranos are aiming at rapidity of execution and when dramatic sopranos are becoming so very scarce.

The season has been a remunerative one in Boston, so much so that the troupe are coming back in four weeks, when we

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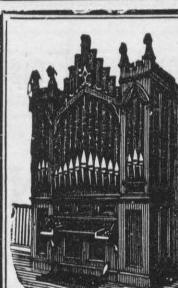
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may hear Rubinstein's "Nero." By the way, the native American works, which are to be brought forth by the company, are not very far advanced yet. Of one of them, I can say that not a note of the music is yet written.

Délibes' New Ballet of "Coppelia" was brought out in fine style during the Boston season. The music is graceful and pretty, but that is about all. There is nothing in it so attractive as the "Valse Lente" or the "Pizzicati" in Sylvia. The fact is, that "familiarity doth breed contempt" in the case of Délibes, for on a second and third hearing, even his most ambitious work—Lakmé—becomes only a bit of musical confectionery. L'Allemand made a great success in the part of Lakmé, carrying the opera almost entirely on her own shoulders, for there was nothing in it to arouse enthusiasm save her wonderful facility of coloratur singing. She did some brilliant work in this vein at the New England Conservatory of Music last week, where she paid a flying visit and sang to the pupils. Of course, the students greeted her with enormous enthusiasm, presented her with flowers, and in every way made her welcome. The Conservatory, always an attractive place, was never more so than just now, for there have been new buildings added, and a great extension of the already large edifice made. The added buildings have been opened with a very pleasant housewarming, at which the following eminent persons were present: Ex-Governor Claffin, Judge Allen, Dr. Bell of the Methodist Theological School, Judge Geo. E. Adams, Hon. Rufus S. Frost, Hon. Alden Speare of Newton, Hon. Charles W. Pierce, Rev. Dr. Gifford, Rev. Wm. N. Brodbeck, Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Hon. Jacob Sleeper, Dr. I. T. Talbot, Mr. Geo. H. Ellis and Rev. Dr. Olmstead. There was a large number of State Senators and Representatives present, and many prominent persons whose names were not obtainable. The Germania Band, stationed at the east end of the great corridor, gave some fine selections, which were much enjoyed. The new extension was called the Davis Estate, and was recently purchased because of the lack of accommodations for all the numerous applicants for rooms in the institution. The strip of land separating this estate from the Conservatory building has been utilized by the erection upon it of temporary two-story structure, through which the first and second story corridors extend forming a direct connection with the new property. The new property consists of a lot of land, 45x90 feet, on which stands a four-and-a-half-story brown-stone mansion, 25x62 feet, erected by the late George W. Davis, of the firm of Hallett, Davis & Co.

The basements of both buildings will be used for storage purposes. The first floor of the Davis house is divided into two large rooms; one, 40x17½, will be used as a private lecture parlor, with a seating capacity of a hundred or more; the other, 22x17½, as a museum and study room. The second floor is occupied by the Director and his family, and the third and fourth floors as dormitories for students. In the new structure are: First floor front, a modeling studio 18½x21, to be under the direction of Signor Apolloni; second floor front, studio 18½x21, for portraiture, under William Willard; second floor back, gymnasium 53x18½ feet. The appliances of the gymnasium are of the latest and most approved patterns, manufactured by the Narragansett Machine Company, and presented to the Conservatory by Hon. Rufus S. Frost. The whole property now occupied by the Conservatory has a frontage on Newton street of 230 feet, and on James street of 210 feet.

The opera has taken up almost all my spare time recently, but I may add, in closing, that the Symphony Orchestra has gone on as usual, opera or no opera, and has had the same large audience. Their playing at present is technically perfect and above criticism. Their rendering of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony recently was the best ever heard anywhere by

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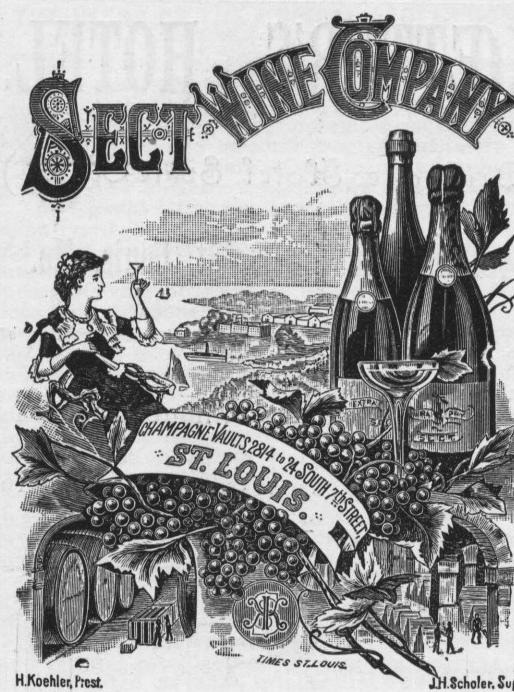
is not one of our subscribers but can obtain at least one other and there is therefore no reason why any one should be without this little gem of simplicity and accuracy. We will not attempt to describe the instrument here, but we will say that any one receiving it as a premium who is not satisfied with it will be allowed to return it after five days' trial and to select another premium instead. Now is a good time to solicit subscriptions and to secure this unusually fine premium. Only a limited number of these metronomes have been set aside for premiums and the offer will eventually be withdrawn.

ACCORDING to a recently published letter of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, Franz Liszt, in his testamentary directions, dating from the year 1861, has enjoined the executrix of his will in a special manner that his remains should be interred at the convent of the Franciscan Brothers at Buda-Pest, of which body he became a member in 1858.

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The rote singer is one who learns a piece by hearing it sung repeatedly. He must go to the trouble or expense of a teacher, and must spend much time in learning each piece before he arrives at the commencing place of the sight singer. The result is that when home and business cares come upon him he gives up his musical acquirements for want of time to learn new music, for both the singer and his friends soon tire of the old pieces.

But it is not so with the sight singer; he would no more give up singing than reading the newspaper or books; fresh fields are ever open to him, and, as he gains in experience, higher and better music is at his command. This may be illustrated by supposing that two persons recite equally well a poem in German. The one has merely learned this one piece, and even may be ignorant of its meaning; the other is a German scholar, and has at his command all the treasures of knowledge stored in the vast literature of the German language.

As our country gains wealth and grows in culture, our churches will demand more and better music, and church choirs will take many of our best singers, where they will do their part for the good of the cause, or, if the church has the income, they will be paid for their services.

The sight singer will take part in the musical festivals that are springing up in every part of our country. These festivals are doing an important work in teaching the people the mighty power of vocal music, and in furnishing an elevating recreation for the masses. When the brain and body are tired, we demand recreation; and the question that now awaits an answer is, Shall the State let interested persons furnish low and degrading amusements, or shall its citizens be made better and happier by giving them the means of self-amusement through the elevating art of music?

When sight singing becomes more common, our young people will spend their leisure hours in social singing, or in attending rehearsals for concerts or festivals; for the more people know of music, the more time they will give to its practice, and thus be saved from drifting into lower forms of amusement.

The ancients attached much importance to music, and gave much time to instructing their young men in the art. Aristides said, "Music is calculated to compose the mind and fit it for instruction." Pico Mirandola said, "Music produces like effects on the mind as good medicine on the body." Plato said, "Music to the mind is as air to the body." Homer said, "Music was taught to Achilles in order to moderate his passions." And yet music, in every respect, was then in its rudest, crudest, embryo state. Schumann said, "It is music's lofty mission to shed light on the depths of the human heart."

There is a continuous stream of the children of poor parents, and of parents who are indifferent to the advantages of an education, that are pouring through our primary and intermediate schools, staying so short a time that it is a necessity that the vocal method used shall be rapid, thorough, simple, direct, attractive, having no contradictory terms, and teaching the essence of music rather than its technicalities; otherwise, this class of children, who most need the influences of music, will be deprived of its advantages, a loss that neither they nor the State can well afford.

Where vocal music is taught in the schools, it should be placed on the same basis as the other studies. Pupils should be required to pass examinations in their singing, and to attain the same proficiency in it as is necessary for promotion from one grade to the next in any other study.—C. W. LANDON, in *American Art Journal*.

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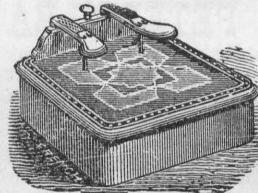
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THE NEEDS OF THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

HE burden of nearly all articles upon musical subjects by contemporary writers is technical attainment, analytical dissertations, biography, reminiscences, etc. Well and good; musical progress demands all this, and more, from the many pungent and didactic contributors to the musical press. But an important subject seems to be overlooked. Not referring to the prominent lights of the profession, there are thousands of music teachers in America, to-day, who are ignoramus in everything except music. So extensively does this deficiency in education prevail, that in some localities the term "musician," or "music teacher," is used as one of opprobrium and contempt, at least among certain classes. The professional musician is looked upon as a crank, or some kind of a freak of nature, rated with the average dancing master, and desired solely for his technical knowledge as an instructor, or ability to entertain with fingers or voice. Like a squeezed lemon, he is valueless after being used. He has abnormally developed his musical side, to the exclusion of everything else that goes to make a rounded and symmetrical character. He is inane upon every subject outside of music, except in his jealous belittling of his professional compeers, which is too offensive to be interesting.

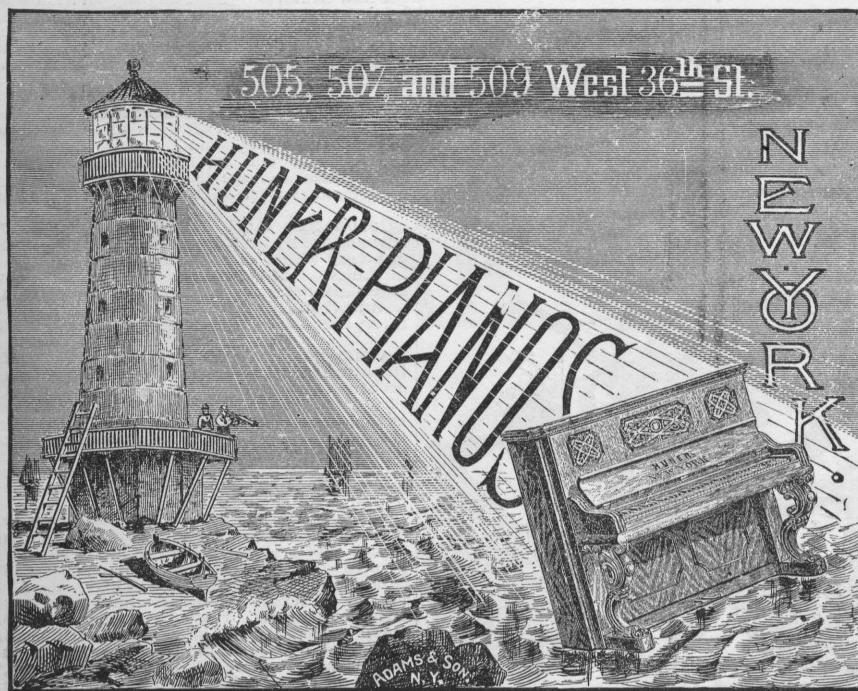
Nor is the deficiency alone in breadth of views and general intelligence. The moral sense is too often blunted, as is the intellectual dwarfed. With the majority, either does the scent of some unsavory scandal cling to their skirts, or the reputation of saloon associations, fast companions, and general irresponsibility and dead-beatism, places them at their proper level in society. Thereby does the whole profession suffer, and the cultured, intelligent and high-toned men of character, who grace the vocation of teaching the divine art, are unjustly included and misjudged.

In no profession are there required for its mastery and a high position the qualities of natural talent, patience, poetical temperament, intellectual grasp of mind, analytical powers, and dogged, even inspired, perseverance through difficulties, to a greater degree, than in the study of music, especially, perhaps vocalists will permit me to say, the mastery of the piano-forte and great organ. I venture the assertion that these requirements, if presented to the painter, the lawyer, the physician, the college professor, or scientist, in the same degree, would discourage the majority of those who have achieved prominence, long before their names were known outside their native towns. Why, then, is not the musical profession entitled to greater respect and social and intellectual recognition from the highest grades of society, the same as the other professions mentioned? Simply because so large a proportion of its members—enough to establish a general reputation for all—are intellectual and social nonentities, and apologists for immorality, if not moral lepers themselves.

Thank the Lord, however, a brighter era, in these respects, is dawning. The strong, incisive thinkers, finished essayists, and brainy, accomplished *litterateurs*, whose thoughts shine through the musical press of to-day, proclaim the rising of a distinctive American musical literature, that will hold its own against time, with the historians and essayists of any country, and is making its influence for broader intellectual attainment felt among the reading members of the profession.

As a class, we are growing faster toward virtuosity and strictly musical advancement than intellectual and social culture. One helps the other, and both should be regarded, to the exclusion of one-sided growth. What the musical profession of America most needs is men of brains and moral character, who can talk intelligently about something besides music; men of strong personality and purity of life, under whose influence it may be safe to implicitly trust a susceptible young girl; men of intellect, dress and address, who can ornament either their profession or society, and relegate slouchy, boorish musicians to the congenial shades of the saloon and beer garden; men of stamina and business responsibility, who apply business principles to their profession; men who know a promissory note from a parachute, and Xenophon from Xantippe; and men who can hear their competitors praised without a pang of jealousy, and who are content to stand or fall upon their own merits, instead of seeking to elevate themselves by pulling a rival down. Then, indeed, will the musical millennium have come.—H. B. RONEY, in *Etude*.

THE Chicago News says that President Cleveland's favorite air is "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny." That is the unkindest thing ever said of the present chief executive.



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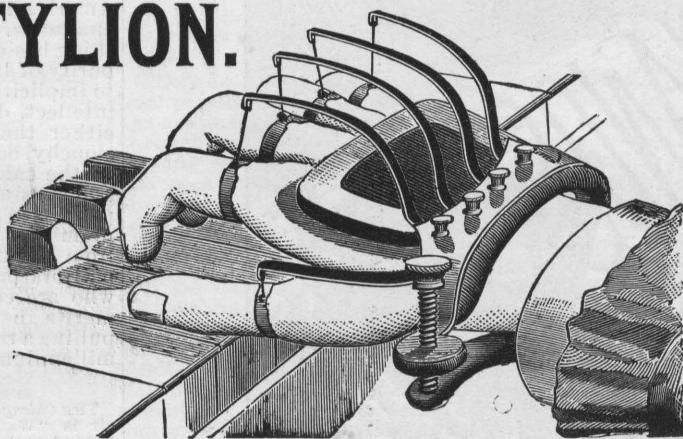
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

BIZET's "Les Pêcheurs de perles" has recently been produced at the theatres of Düsseldorf and of Hanover.

THE famous Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire, now in the sixtieth year of their existence, were resumed on the 5th of December.

FRAU PESCHKA-LEUTNER, the well-known *prima donna*, is about to retire from operatic life for the purpose of devoting her time exclusively to teaching.

THE plan of organizing auxiliary societies to the "National (American) Opera Company" in St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago has fallen through for want of support.

WHEN one, speaking of *Tannhäuser* to Rossini, claimed that it contained *de beaux moments*, Engel says he replied: "Il y a de beaux moments mais de mauvais quarts-d'heure."

UNDER the title of "Poliuto," M. Gounod's opera "Polyeucte" is to be produced during the present winter at the San Carlo Theatre of Naples, under the personal direction of the composer.

AN opera entitled "Der Sturm," the libretto of which is founded upon Shakespeare's "The Tempest," is in course of being mounted at the Royal Opera of Hanover. The composer is Herr Ernst Frank.

THE *Musical Record*, Boston, says the McGibeny Family is in San Francisco. If somebody would persuade the aforesaid McGibenys to go on to the Cannibal Islands and stay there, he would do the cause of music in this country a great service.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI was very anxious to procure a libretto from the pen of Alexander Dumas the elder. "I can't think of such a thing," said Dumas; "there's nothing I dread so much as Poniatowski's music, particularly when he composes it himself."

MISS AMY FAY is writing a series of letters to London *Musical Society* on "Music in America." The first letter, which appears in the January issue leads us to the conclusion that her letters ought to be entitled: "What I don't know about music in America."

ALICE OATES, well-known as an opera-bouffe singer, thrice married, once divorced, thirty-seven years of age, but looking ten years older, after eighteen years of stage-life, died at Philadelphia on January 10th. At the time of her death she was Mrs. Sam. P. Watkins.

A JUVENILE pianist and composer, Joseph Hofmann, is just now attracting considerable attention in Berlin musical circles by the extraordinary precocity of his talent, he being only nine years of age. It is said that Eugène d'Albert has undertaken his further instruction.

THE College of the Christian Brothers has secured the valuable services of Count de Vervins, one of our most valued contributors, as Professor of French. We can most sincerely congratulate the institution upon a choice which reflects great credit upon its managers.

A NEW Oratorio, "Der Jüngling zu Nain," by Herr Robert Schwalb, the first of a projected series of similar compositions in the performance of which the congregation are supposed to participate, was successfully produced last month at a church in Königsberg. We have already referred to this interesting project in a previous number.

We regret exceedingly to have to chronicle the death of Mme. Del Puente, the wife of the famous barytone. She was an accomplished harpist and in every way "an help meet" for her husband. Our most sincere sympathies go out to the artist whom we have learned to respect as a gentleman and appreciate as a friend, in this the hour of his bereavement.

GOLDMARK's much talked of new opera "Merlin," was brought out by the Vienna Hof-Theater on November 19, and was very well received. According to a criticism contained in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, it is "the work of a most able musician, who commands in an eminent degree all the technical details appertaining to his art." The principal interpreters were Frau Materna and Herr Winkelmann.

A BILL has just been presented to the Italian Chamber of Deputies, to empower the Government to remove the remains of Rossini from their present resting place, at the Père la Chaise of Paris, to the historical Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, in conjunction with the testamentary executors of the composer's widow. The removal is to take place in May next, on which occasion there will be a solemn religious service, with the Maestro's music, and the remains will probably be placed near the monument of Cherubini.

THE Chevalier van Elewyck's "Enregistreur" has been exhibited in Brussels. By means of a cylindrical roll of paper placed under the keyboard of the organ or pianoforte and printed on the Morse system by electricity in four different colors for the four ordinary octaves, it will be possible for players to record anything which they may improvise on either instrument. It would be almost impossible to indicate complex time by such means, but the Chevalier has devised a method by which the player can mark the beginning of each measure on the roll of the "Enregistreur," and it is easy to reconstruct the time when the record is translated.

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RUBINSTEIN's sixth symphony has received a private hearing in St. Petersburg under his direction. The work is in four movements. The first, *allegro*, seems inspired by Beethoven's second manner; the second is a melodious *andante*; the third a *scherzo*, with sudden contrasts between satanic sarcasm and tender seductiveness; the *finale* is based on Russian themes. The symphony will be played at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig.

WHILE listening to D'Albert, the pianist, a German enthusiast said: "Thunder and lightning, but he is a quick player. Give Bilow twenty measures, and D'Albert is sure to catch up to him. He don't play, he dispatches notes, he dispatches sonatas. If he continues to play five years at this rate he will need a new set of fingers. He plays everything so fast that he is compelled to rest from time to time in order to let the tempo catch up with him."

THE "Christmas Number" of Brainard's *Musical World* has, as a frontispiece, under the title "Hark the Herald Angels sing," a wood cut in which about a score of little boys and girls, with sprouting wings, are singing out of modern books. One of them kindly holds his copy so that we can see out of what book it was the "Herald Angels" sang. It bears the title: "Deutschlands Lieder." The picture deserves a place by the side of the painting by the Dutch artist of the "Israelites Crossing the Red sea" with their muskets on their shoulders.

THE ways of some critics are well illustrated by the following anecdote of Fiorentino, powerful in his day as the musical critic of the *Moniteur* and the *Constitutionnel* of Paris. It appears that a young pianist, eager for Parisian fame, called upon Fiorentino, and offered him a gold watch and chain for such service as he might be able to render for that purpose. The day after the first concert Fiorentino wrote in the *Moniteur*, or it may have been in the *Constitutionnel*, "M. — is an artist of decided promise. Our future opinion of him will depend upon the manner in which he keeps that promise."

WE seldom republish press notices of the REVIEW, preferring to let it speak for itself, but, for once, we yield to the temptation of reproducing what the *Boston Leader*, one of the best papers of its class, has to say of us:

"KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, issued monthly by the Messrs. Kunkel Brothers, St. Louis, Mo., is a superb publication. We use the adjective advisedly, for it is really a model musical journal, not only as a specimen of the printer's art, but in point of editorial ability and general journalistic excellence. Its pages are replete with musical intelligence and able comments on questions under discussion in the musical world. A large portion of each issue is given to the best music of the day, several fine selections being included in its pages. That its general excellence is recognized, is shown by its very large subscription list and liberal advertising patronage. Such a journal is a credit to its proprietors, and cannot fail to have a wide influence for good in the field of music."

THE monumental stone placed in the cloisters of Santa Croce in memory of Bartolomeo Cristofori is as follows:

A BARTOLOMEO CRISTOFORI
Cembalaro da Padova
che
IN FIRENZE DEL MDCCXI
INVENTO
Il Clavicemabalo col piano e forte,
Il Comitativo Florentino
Coadjutato Italiani e Stranieri,
Pose questa Memoria
MDCCCLXXVI.

(To Bartolomeo Cristofori, harpsichord maker of Padua, who invented, in 1711, at Florence, the harpsichord with piano and forte, the Florence Committee, assisted by Italians and natives of other countries, placed this memorial here in 1876.) Above the inscription is an oaken garland, carved in stone, with a ribbon bearing the following fragment of a verse of Lucan's: "Digitum cum voce locutus" ("The fingers spoke with the voice.") In the centre of the garland is a hand, which holds the design of the hammer invented by Cristofori. Above it are the seven notes of the scale of C.

A RECIPE FOR PIANO STRUMMING.—Professor Weyse, one of the most talented of Danish composers, had once the misfortune to reside in a house wherein a certain family were domiciled, the members of which, although not musically gifted, were in the habit of daily strumming "from morn to dewy eve" on an antiquated piano-forte. One evening, the *maestro*, deeply engrossed in some new musical composition, was startled by the too familiar sounds proceeding from the instrument of torture. The thing was simply intolerable. He quickly made up his mind what to do. In his dressing-gown and slippers he descended the stairs, and knocked at the door of his obnoxious neighbours. Upon its being opened, he found himself in the presence of a large party, who, notwithstanding his unexpected appearance, gladly welcomed the intellectual stranger. Having saluted the host and hostess, he seated himself very leisurely, without saying a word, at the piano, and played one of his most spirited fantasias, much to the delight of the audience. Suddenly he arose, locked up the instrument, put the key in his pocket, and departed, as he had come, merely saluting the astounded assembly with a demagogic grin. For the time being, he had effected his purpose. Was it permanently effectual?

JOSEPH Tosso, the well-known composer and violinist, died at his home in Covington, Ky., on Jan. 6, of heart disease. He was born Aug. 3, 1802, in the City of Mexico, of noble Italian and French parents; was educated in Paris, and has lived nearly all his life in the Mississippi Valley. Fifty years ago he was a famous violinist, and knew all the composers and musicians of his time. Tosso was a pupil in Paris of De Beriot. He came to the United States early in the 'twenties, having left Paris without the consent of his father, and after spending a short time in Virginia took up his residence in Cincinnati. The state of musical culture in the Ohio Valley at that time can be guessed from the fact, which Tosso himself used to relate with gusto, that when he came to Cincinnati, in about 1823, he found that Victor Williams, a Swede, who is still living there and who has been connected with musical instruction in the public schools for many years, was accounted a great violinist. Tosso, desiring to make himself known, challenged Williams to fiddle with him on a wager. The contest never took place, however, and the two musicians became fast friends. Tosso, when in his prime, traveled a great deal in the Mississippi Valley. His musical war horse was "The Arkansas Traveler," which is popularly, though erroneously, considered to be his composition. In his later years he became blind, but was still heard at intervals in concerts.

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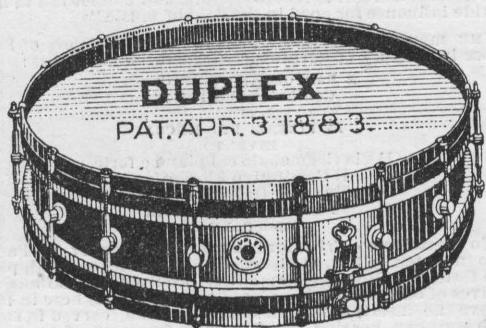
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EDITH—"Ma, that new maid is awfully stupid."

Mamma—"What has she done?"

Edith—"I wanted to practice a little, so I sent her to the music room for 'The Lost Chord.'"

Mamma—"Well?"

Edith—"She brought me the clothesline."

A VERSIFYING fiend out West entered the editorial sanctum of the "Mountain Trumpeter," with an original "poem" in sixty-seven stanzas. The editor glanced at the first lines and saw that he had rhymed "Gideon" with "Accordeon." A coroner's jury sat on the man the next day, and found that his muse had been choked with a noose. If the Eastern press will follow this example, the species may be exterminated.

THE now stale "Pinafore" joke about "Hardly ever" has its counterpart in the old anecdote of Louis VI. of France. In the chapel at Versailles one Sunday, where the King, Mme. du Barry and all the court were present, the preacher began his sermon solemnly with the words, "my friends, we must all die!" The king was disturbed and made a grimace, whereupon the courtly preacher added, "or nearly all."

SEPHOCLES' tragedy of "Antigone" was recently produced in Boston with great success. When the curtain fell the audience yelled at the top of their voices, "Cipherclaus! Cipherclaus!" Thereupon the manager came forward and said he was sorry to say the author was not in the house—in point of fact, that he had been dead and buried for 2000 years. One of the *gamins* then bawled out, "Then chuck us out his mummy!"

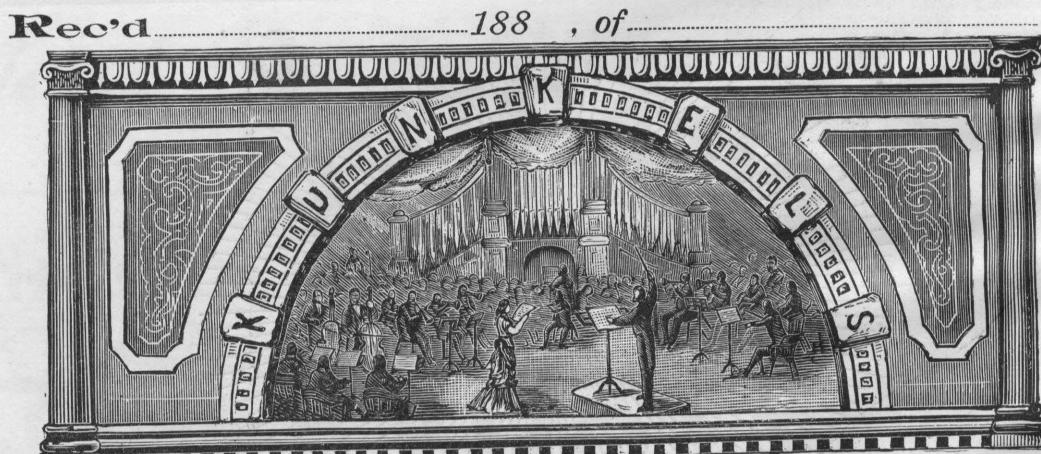
IN Vienna, Offenbach was interviewed by a shabbily-dressed German, who described himself as formerly chief clarinet in the orchestra at Pesth, and the victim of professional jealousy. Moved by his statement, Offenbach parted with five louis. Oddly enough, a year after, a man called upon him in Paris who also was the victim of professional jealousy, having been first violin at Carlsruhe. Offenbach looked at him. The face was different. He caught up his violin and said, "Play!" The "victim" drew back, stammered and bolted. "Ah!" groaned Offenbach, "if only I had a clarinet handy when that rascal plundered me in Vienna!"

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